

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2755.—VOL. C.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

WITH
FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6^d.

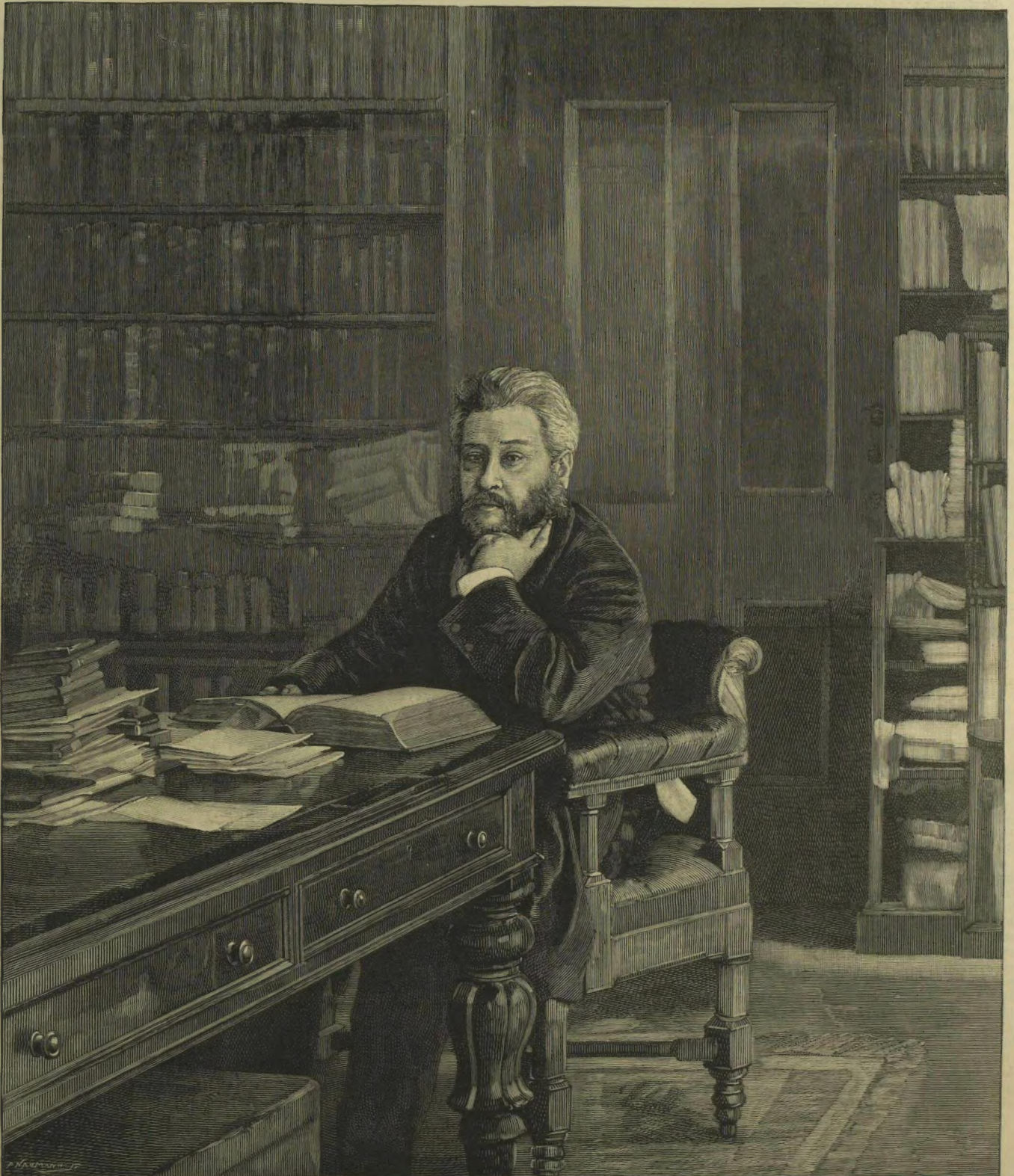


Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE LATE MR. SPURGEON IN HIS STUDY AT WESTWOOD, BEULAH HILL, NORWOOD.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A musician has expressed his indignation at the popular disbelief of the existence of humour in his calling. "Music," he says, "is full of humour." That of Beethoven, for example, is sometimes as "grim, saturnine, and grotesque" as that of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, at others "boisterous and full of playfulness." At this very moment, he adds, Verdi is producing an opera, "Falstaff," in which the drinking scene is rendered in music in the most humorous manner. I am no judge of these matters, but, whenever I have been so imprudent as to laugh during any musical performance, I have always been rebuked for it—perhaps I laughed in the wrong place. What is certainly humorous in musical people is their habit of sending invitations to their friends to musical evenings when they know they do not care for music. The absence of an ear is not looked upon as a misfortune—as the presence of a voice sometimes undoubtedly is—but as a fault that is capable of remedy, or, at all events, deserving of punishment. At a very select entertainment indeed, while the greatest violinist in Europe was performing a solo of unequalled merit, a gentleman of European reputation in another line was observed to look supremely miserable. "Do you not like his playing?" whispered a friend. "I don't mind it when he plays low and I can think my own thoughts," was the reply, which certainly expressed only a moderate degree of admiration. He was afterwards introduced to the musician by the genial host: "Here is a man, my dear fellow, who doesn't care one farthing for your fiddle." "It is impossible," was the gentle but confident reply. For the ordinary ear the humour expressed by music is generally a little too subtle, though the trombone, especially where the musician is visible, is always funny.

It might well be supposed that the inconvenience which jurors have to submit to in our courts of justice could scarcely be increased, but it appears that in the Central Criminal Court a new torture has been devised for them by some official. The prevalence of influenza seems to have suggested to him to put the jury in waiting in a thorough draught by an ingenious opening of doors and windows. The poor creatures wrapped their heads in their handkerchiefs, opened their umbrellas, and, when the cold became insupportable, put on their hats. Then an usher (doubtless in collusion with the practical joker) rushed at them with the cry, "Hats off in court!" This is an exact counterpart of the action described in last week's "Note Book," where a "mourner" knocked a gentleman's hat off in a snowstorm at the graveside in respect for the dead. But we need not go to funerals (except our own) unless we please, and we must go to the jury box except we are sexagenarians. This is one of the few advantages of old age which has escaped the notice of the author of "De Senectute."

It seems an amazing thing that the law should only take cognisance of cruelty to animals when they are domestic animals. A recent case of cruelty to a bear remains, it seems, undecided because it is doubtful whether the poor brute, though tamed and lodging in a human habitation, could be called domesticated. Thus there is no objection, it appears, to teaching a bear his first steps in dancing upon hot irons, though the legality of teaching the second steps is open to doubt. Mr. Bumble's opinion of the British law unfortunately requires little corroboration, but its difficulty in this matter is, no doubt, in some degree attributable to the ultra-humanitarians. Unless wild creatures were excepted from the Act, there would be attempts to put a stop to hunting, shooting, and perhaps even fishing. Fanatics, unhappily, have no common-sense, and their lack of it is the cause of persecution to the very animals they are desirous to protect. There are certain matters that, in the present condition of human nature, cannot be carried out to their logical issue, but must be met by a compromise. From a strictly moral point of view, it must be admitted that even the coursing of hares has an element of cruelty in it; but what reasonable man, who is acquainted with the subject, can compare it with rabbit-coursing as now practised by our roughs and blackguards? In the one case, the animal has its fair chance of escape, and all the proceedings are carried on under whole-some conditions; in the other, the little creature has no chance, and is more infamously treated by the pitiless mob than by the dogs themselves. When one thinks of the rabbit "fondling its own harmless face" in the dewy fields, one feels sick to think of the disgusting cruelties to which it is at present subjected in our towns for greed. If there is no other way of protecting it, and ourselves from a national disgrace, let the law make it "a domestic animal," as some kinds of rabbit (including the Welsh variety) already are.

In consequence of a recent event, astronomical affairs are receiving some attention from the general public, which usually only concerns itself with them at eclipse times. It is deplorable to read that the heavenly bodies are not in that state of calm repose which might naturally be expected of them. The discovery of the planet Neptune which caused such excitement in scientific circles was, we are told, solely owing to "the perturbations of Uranus." What alarmed that luminary we are not informed, but

(though not "put out") he seems to have been seriously put about. And now Neptune himself, we are informed, is "in opposition to the sun." Considering that the only way to find him is "to make oneself familiar with all the small stars four degrees to the north of Aldebaran," and then to pick out, after patient watching, the one that moves a little, the contest would seem to be unequal. Twenty years hence, however, this persevering planet will be "in opposition to the sun at Christmas," when, from what we know of the orb of day at that season (which is very little), Neptune may have his chance. But one is sorry that the heavenly bodies are not at peace.

Everyone knows the story of the sentry at Windsor Castle who, when accused of sleeping at his post, saved his life by asserting that he heard the great clock of St. Paul's strike midnight, and that it struck thirteen. The night must have been a very still one, or the wind very much in the east, to bring the sound so far but as to the striking an additional hour, Big Ben, it seems, has lately done it. "At twelve o'clock on Nov. 14" (a critical day in Prince George's illness, which caused the event to be taken as an ill omen) "the members of a certain political club, within a stone's-throw of the House, heard," we are told, "the Westminster clock strike thirteen." They were better situated for the appreciation of this phenomenon than the Windsor sentry, for two reasons: first, they were much nearer to the clock, and secondly, they had dined—presumably much better. It seems bad taste to throw any doubt upon the bona-fides of these respectable persons, but it is possible they made a mistake. It is very difficult, under some circumstances, and especially towards the small hours, to distinguish with accuracy between twelve and thirteen; and, indeed, there are cases on record when people have seen two clocks instead of one.

I read that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is complaining that various "early efforts" of his in literature are being brought out "as good as new" by some enterprising publisher. He is not the first victim of this description by many. When a writer is very young he will sell his soul—that is, part with his copyrights—for any sum to the publisher in order to see himself in print and if he ever becomes famous he learns that he has made even a worse bargain than he thought he had. An example of this came lately under my personal observation. A, a popular novelist, received a letter from B (a very small publisher) to the effect that he held three copyrights of his. These turned out to be three little stories, published more than thirty years ago in an extinct periodical. A wrote to say that these had already been republished with other stories, with B's father's permission, as the title-page of the volume stated. "No matter for that," wrote B, "the copyright is mine; I don't remember you had any such permission." "Nor do I," rejoined A, "but I think the title-page is evidence enough of the fact." "Not for me," persisted B, "you must pay me compensation, or I will sell the stories." As they had not been very good ones to begin with, and had been published twice, even the enterprising B failed in this endeavour, but still harped upon "compensation." It was understood, however, that he would "waive his rights" for £50. At this A, like the little vulgar boy in the ballad, put (metaphorically) his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out. How right he was to have used this gesture was proved the other day by the turning-up of an account book in which all the poor proceeds of his first year's literary work were inscribed. The total sum he had originally received for the three stories was £2 17s. 6d.!

It has been recently discovered by an expert that there are sixty living poets, all "with the true bird note," and capable at a pinch (but they will want no pinching) of becoming Laureates. There are even more, there are sixty-one, but that is a private matter. Unhappily, nothing so hopeful has been stated concerning our novelists. There is, however, a boy of sixteen who, at least, promises well to outdo the authors of "Jack Sheppard" and "Oliver Twist." he has been committed for trial upon quite another count, but as regards imagination surpasses any lad of his age. "Dear father and mother," he writes, "my fate is sealed, I am in the hands of villains and gipsies, and even when writing this I am gagged. The captain of the band gives me one chance for life and freedom, he demands £25 in gold, and if you don't send me that within two days I am a dead boy. He means to murder me in cold blood." The letter is a long one, but its high romantic style is maintained throughout. The address from which he writes is really capital "Open country; I don't know where." A youth of less genius would have written "Epping Forest" or "Bushey Park." Of course, his alleged peccadillo (burglary) is ascribed to "unhealthy fiction." But this boy would have distinguished himself even if he had been brought up on the hundred best books. If this is not a sensational serial writer in the bud, I am no prophet. He shocked the magistrate, from a professional point of view, but some day he will shock everybody—in a yellow cover, price a shilling. If I were a publisher I should take a lease of that boy for twenty years. He has been in a reformatory too, a personal experience in which, I believe, no living novelist can compete with him.

In the collection of "Jeux d'Esprit," edited by Mr. Joseph Miller, there is a story of a sailor who, on being charged with unhandsome conduct to his benefactor, observes that he has heard of longitude and latitude but is wholly unacquainted with gratitude. This seems to be also the case with the population of Belfast. The late Canon Grainger presented a collection of antiquities, valued at £12,000, to its public library, and, when he died, it was felt by an inhabitant that a public subscription should be instituted to purchase a memorial portrait of this benefactor. We say "an inhabitant," because in the contribution-box placed in the library for this purpose only five shillings and twopence has been found. The other inhabitants have contented themselves with showing their sense of the Canon's generosity by contributing "nine library free tickets, eleven pieces of blotting-paper, a portion of a black-lead pencil, one farthing (spurious), and a lucifer-match."

It was probably with a light heart, and not impossibly with a thin nether garment, that young Mr. Thomas Carlyle delivered the lectures on literature which have just been given to the world. They have every trace of careless composition, and have something of that flippancy about them which, in later years, crystallises into cynicism, just as, Douglas Jerrold tells us, puppyism, when matured, becomes dogmatism. They are addressed, too, to a private audience, presumably for small remuneration, and the lecturer had doubtless no suspicion that there was a chiel among them taking notes, or that they would ever be printed. Whether they ought to have been so is a matter between the editor and his conscience. As we have the lectures, however, there is no harm in drawing a moral from them, which is that no writer, however able, should discourse upon what he does not understand. Classical literature was not Carlyle's strong point, yet he lays down the law about it as if, tawse in hand, he was addressing his pupils. He regrets that there is no portrait (not even a photograph) of Homer, and says that it is well understood that the poet could not write, and he tells us there are similar characters in the "Iliad" to the harlequin, doctor, and columbine of the old Italian comedy. He calls Herodotus "a veracious man," which seems so incredible that one wonders whether it is not a misprint for "voracious." He has even the temerity to observe that there was "not one word of life in Socrates," which, considering the superfluity of words used by that sage, is about as severe a judgment as could be passed on him. However, this does not much signify in view of the conclusion at which the lecturer arrives, which is that "in a healthy state a nation has no literature at all."

Although these addresses have no intrinsic merit, they are valuable in throwing some light upon Carlyle's later opinions: the boy is father to the man, and it is now easy to see whence the habit of throwing stones at all established reputations—and when the reputations were those of his contemporaries the stones were very large ones—had its origin. We may also learn a much needed lesson from them as to the worthlessness of clever but ignorant criticism. Carlyle's contempt for Charles Lamb may be accounted for by the fact of their both being humorists, though of a widely different kind, but his dislike of novelists—as anyone who has read his one dreary story must acknowledge—cannot have arisen from that cause. The worst of it is that a man who has distinguished himself as a philosopher or an historian is supposed by the public to understand all other kinds of literature, and especially that very light and easy branch of it called fiction. Everybody thinks he can drive a gig and poke a fire and teach a novelist his business, but this last accomplishment is not so easy, even for a philosopher, as the other two; at all events, when ever he tries it, he makes an egregious ass of himself, and Mr. Thomas Carlyle was no exception to the rule. It was indignation on account of the slight cast upon his profession, no doubt, and not on himself, that caused a certain distinguished member of the abused fraternity to observe to the sage of Chelsea "I never hear you talk about 'an eternal truth' but I think of 'an infernal lie.'"

It is curious that the London Bench should so differ in their views as to their power to put down various nuisances to which dwellers in towns are liable. It was not long ago decided that to keep a cock whose crowing interfered with the health of a neighbour was an offence that could be put a stop to, but a magistrate has now expressed his doubts of this. The applicant explained that his wife was very ill, and prevented from sleeping by the bird's noise. His worship (who, presumably, was either not a married man, or wished he was not) replied, "Well, it is in the nature of a cock to be a little noisy. Ask your neighbour to give it some country air." The applicant said that he had appealed to him, and only got abuse, whereupon the magistrate observed, "I am sorry for you, life is life." What he meant Heaven only knows, but he dismissed the case as *ultra vires*. The existence of such nuisances as the cock-keeper is deplorable, but in the present backward stage of civilisation not to be helped, what surprises me is the existence of the cock. It might keep me awake for one night, but, if there are any resources (such as air-guns) in civilisation, certainly not for two nights running.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW ASSOCIATES.

The new Associates of the Royal Academy will distinctly strengthen the "modern" side of that venerable institution, and are fairly representative men in their various lines. Mr. T. G. Jackson, who is chosen as the representative of architecture, enjoys the distinction of being also an Oxford graduate and a grandson of Sir William Beechey, R.A., and it is at Oxford that some of his best work is to be found. The most important example is the new "Schools," where the public examinations are now held. He is a disciple of the Renaissance, and much of his work is purely imitative; but he has adapted old ideas to modern requirements with considerable ingenuity, and the large hall in the



MR. THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON, A.R.A.

Schools is certainly a very satisfactory as well as an imposing work. It would be unfair to other architects—especially to Mr. Basil Champneys, whose refined and original work bears witness to his talent—to speak of Mr. Jackson as the creator of "New Oxford," but it must be admitted that he has done much to add to the architectural attractions of that city. Mr. Jackson has also designed several picturesque houses in London, among which that for Mr. Athelstan Riley, at Kensington Court, is perhaps one of the most successful. Here again, however, by some ill-fate, it runs the risk of being overshadowed by the huge building erected from designs by Mr. Basil Champneys, which has destroyed for ever the picturesqueness of the "Old Court suburb."

Mr. Stanhope Forbes, if not the founder of the "Newlyn" school, is the artist who first brought into favourable notice the special merits of the group of young men who had made New Quay and its surrounding district, on the Cornish coast, their headquarters. It was Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Fish-



MR. HENRY BATES, A.R.A.

All is well again. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and the British Public are both pleased with "Judah." This deeply interesting play has been received on revivals with very special enthusiasm, and the author of the work has declared in public that he himself regards "Judah" somewhat in the light of a favourite child. After that no more remains to be said. I was very curious to see what the "new criticism" would say of "Judah." Having once more been confronted with exactly what they wanted, "an unconventional play," it remained to be seen if they would pick their new gift to pieces and scatter the fragments into the air, as they did in the case of that other unconventional play, "The Honourable Herbert." On the whole, they were not so severe on "Judah" as on the Vandeville play, but they confessed they could not endure the comedy interest, which they ventured to think was extremely nauseous. They voted that it was not comedy at all, but farce. They declared it was forced, exaggerated, and unnatural; and no doubt they spoke with conviction. There is no harm, surely, in recording a strong difference of opinion; for, to my mind, in no play has Mr. Henry Arthur Jones given us such admirable and attractive comedy. I cannot help thinking that Professor Jopp, the quiet, gentle, refined scientist, the well-bred gentleman and hater of shams; that Professor Dethic, the venerated conjurer and translated showman posing as an honoured guest at an earl's country house; that Miss Jopp, the unamiable, precise, vindictive, and unimaginative spinster, a cordial detester of both sexes; and lastly, that Juxon Prall, the egotistical youth, are all of them real flesh-and-blood men and women. In the character gallery they are worth all the Barge Jawles and secondhand Boswells who figure in "The Crusaders." Why, then, should the new criticism be so down on Juxon Prall, the ineffably conceited youth who lectures his own father, treats his mother with sublime scorn, looks upon love as a mere appendage to social custom, and is so absolutely destitute of any sense of humour that he cannot for the life of him see when he is making an idiot of himself? He has supreme faith in his own absolute individuality, and that is all the faith that is in him. Juxon Prall is his own Alpha and Omega—the first and last of everything, the only one thing in the world worthy of the slightest consideration; and this is the character that is pointed out as an extravagant impossibility by such as are in reality ashamed at the very sight of him: for in Juxon Prall the author has, unconsciously, no doubt, hit off to the very letter these same young gentlemen who are so plaguey "cock-sure" about everything, and who have no other method of retort than to abuse the opposing counsel. Juxon Prall is the embodiment of the modern pitying and contemptuous pessimist. Exhausted in argument, he sighs with disdain; no one must come near the wind of his intellectual nobility. If Juxon Prall had been a reviewer of music, he would have spread himself out to denounce the purblind idiots who discourse any other form of art. If Juxon Prall had been a devoted admirer of a Scandinavian poet and dramatist, he would have snorted out such words as "unenlightened," "ill-informed," or "uneducated," concerning all who happened to disagree with him. If Juxon Prall had written a clever play and it had failed, he would have hugged himself with the thought "that he had never suffered the degradation of a public success." I can quite understand why Juxon Prall is not appreciated in certain quarters. But he comes at the right time. He is well-timed and welcome. The only way to cure a certain form of mental disease is ridicule. Conceit can often only be killed by a laugh, and although Mr. Henry Arthur Jones may be blamed by his new-found friends for so cruelly ridiculing them, he must be earnestly congratulated on Juxon Prall. The wholesome public sees the fun of him, and Mr. Cyril Maude hits him off to the very life. Young Mr. Vanderfelt is certainly a great discovery. If he manages to keep his head clear and is not spoiled, he promises to become one of our best young actors. To begin with, he speaks as if he had been educated. Nature has given him a beautiful voice, but art has taught him how to use it. He speaks admirably, as yet with a little artificiality, the remains of a formal and strict education, and he makes love almost with fervour. But I wish Mr. Vanderfelt could have the pluck and moral courage to cast away that ridiculous dress and effeminate appearance, and to come before us rough, untidy, earnest, a Welsh Dissenting parson, who holds Ritualism and pretty Anglicanism in supreme detestation. I wish he could show us more of the man and less of the milliner. He cannot, of course, as yet equal Mr. Willard in his dreaminess, his mysticism, his rapt air of devotion, his "interest," for which there is no other word; but he need not have followed Mr. Willard in the "make-up" for the photographic album. This is not the man externally who was shepherd-born, and watched his father's sheep under the stars. There is no suggestion of the poetry of the "Song of Solomon" in this smart and smug young man, and it must have been the "Song of Solomon" that inspired the love scenes so beautifully written in this play. The Rev. Judah Llewellyn could never have gone to a university tailor for his clothes; he would have been content with a rough cloth coat that covered a complete suit of Jaeger's under-clothing. For him the detestable colour of these useful garments would have had no horror. He would have exhibited them with pride at the popular concert or in the pulpit.

market"—held on the wet sands—exhibited some eight or ten years ago at Burlington House, which first aroused public attention, and since then he has been a regular exhibitor of works which each year gave evidence of increasing strength and beauty. He does not always carry his pathos to the extent to which some of his colleagues—Mr. Brangwyn and Mr. Bramley, for instance—lend themselves; but in his more recent works, such as "The Auction," "The Sailor's Wedding," and others, there is always a touch of pathos which is at once homely and refined.

Mr. Harry Bates has well deserved his rank, having started in life with no better chances than those afforded by local art schools. He has shown his powers chiefly as a modeller in clay and terra-cotta, materials which under his hand have almost received life, so spirited have been his groups in composition. At the same time, he has on several occasions, especially when working on relief tablets, displayed an almost classical sympathy and touch. His religious subjects, which first attracted notice, were at times so crowded with figures that the merits of each individual type were often lost upon those who passed them by without close examination. Mr. Bates is also essentially a "modern," and what is perhaps of still greater interest, he is the result of our national art-training.



MR. STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

experienced the previous day, the struggle with the fierce breakers being of the intensest character. By seven o'clock, however, the whole of the crew of 166 officers and men were landed, the captain being the last to leave his ship. The Eider was laden with cotton, maize, general cargo, and specie to the value of £300,000.

It is hardly necessary to add a word as to the pride which all Englishmen will feel in the brave crews of the life-boats, who were thus enabled to save the lives of nearly 400 people.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

Letters from special correspondents in the central and eastern provinces of Russia continue to be published in the newspapers, furnishing precise local descriptions of the existing distress and of the difficulties in the way of administering relief. There is much epidemic disease, arising from scantiness and badness of food. The medical men report a terrible mortality among children. Typhus in its worst forms is raging in many districts, while the migration of the starving peasantry to the large towns increases the danger of infection. Our Illustration shows the scene in a village where the peasants actually stripped thatch off the roofs of the houses to feed their starving cattle. Many carcasses of horses and oxen are seen lying in the fields and roads.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Of all portraits of Thomas Carlyle we are tempted to count that by Mr. Watts, now on view at the Victorian Exhibition, as far and away the best. There has been a kind of resuscitation of Carlyle of late. The exhaustion of the copyright of his works, by still further cheapening them, has immensely added to the number of his readers, the continuous controversy over his biography, which began with Mr. Froude's "Reminiscences," and can hardly be said to have terminated with Mrs. Ireland's "Life of Mrs. Carlyle," has added an additional piquancy to his writings. Still later, we have seen a too frequent revival of Carlyleana of little value, and at this moment a novel by Carlyle is running in the *New Review*, and his lectures of 1838 have been published in book form by Messrs. Ellis and Elvey.

But none of this biographical and unauthorised matter is the true Carlyle. Him we must seek in the thirty or more volumes issued while he lived; in the picturesque descriptions of Danton, of Cromwell, of Frederick of Prussia; in the naïve enthusiasm for Richter and Schiller and Goethe; in the quaint combination of Puritanism and mysticism in his spiritual development; and, above all, in the impulse to energetic work which his writings inspired in Tennyson, Ruskin, Kingsley and so many of the other great men who came under his spell.

H.M.S. EDGAR.

This ship, which was built in Devonport Dockyard, and was finished in 1890, belongs to the first class of deck-protected cruisers for sea service. The dimensions of the hull, which is constructed of steel, are 300 ft. length, 60 ft. breadth of beam, and 23 ft. 9 in. depth, giving a displacement of 7350 tons of water. The armour-plating of the deck, 5 in. thick, does not extend to the ends of the ship. The engines are of 12,000-horse power, driving two screw-propellers, which give a speed exceeding nineteen knots an hour. The Edgar is armed with two breech-loading rifled guns, of 94-in. calibre and 22 ft. long, ten 6-in. guns, sixteen quick-firing six-pounders and three-pounders, eight machine-guns, and four torpedo-tubes.

STRANDING OF AN ATLANTIC LINER.

The North German Lloyd steamer Eider, which left New York on Jan. 23 for Southampton and Bremen, stranded on the night of Sunday, Jan. 31, at Atherfield Ledge, off the Isle of Wight. The vessel, which was of between three and four thousand tons' burden, missed her way in endeavouring to pass the Needles Light and rocks at the western extremity of the Isle of Wight. When, about ten o'clock on Sunday night, the vessel struck on the rocks, the passengers, of whom there were 226, rushed on deck, but the confident assurances of the captain that there was no immediate danger allayed their fears. The night was spent in terrible suspense, the densest of fogs making communication with the land a matter of considerable difficulty. Nevertheless the captain sent his own boat ashore with telegrams to Southampton for tugs, and so complete was the confidence he inspired in those on board that, although the life-boat crews offered their services time after time, they were declined, only thirteen passengers electing to come ashore. A little later it was clear that the ship had been terribly damaged by contact with the rocks, and in the early morning the sea was dashing

madly against the sides and over the vessel. Meanwhile the tugs, in which the captain had placed his trust, were quite unable to come to his assistance, and it was necessary for the life-boat crews to devote themselves to the work of rescue, a task ten times more difficult than it would have proved the previous evening. Load after load of passengers were brought ashore, and all through Monday the watchers on the beach witnessed a constant succession of women and children being dragged through the surf from the boats until, at ten at night, the last passenger had landed. The crew remained on board with their captain all Monday night, but on Tuesday, the vessel having sprung a leak, the life-boats were again at work, and the rescue of the crew took place amid even greater danger than had been



MR. SPURGEON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

MR. SPURGEON ON THE INDIAN MUTINY.

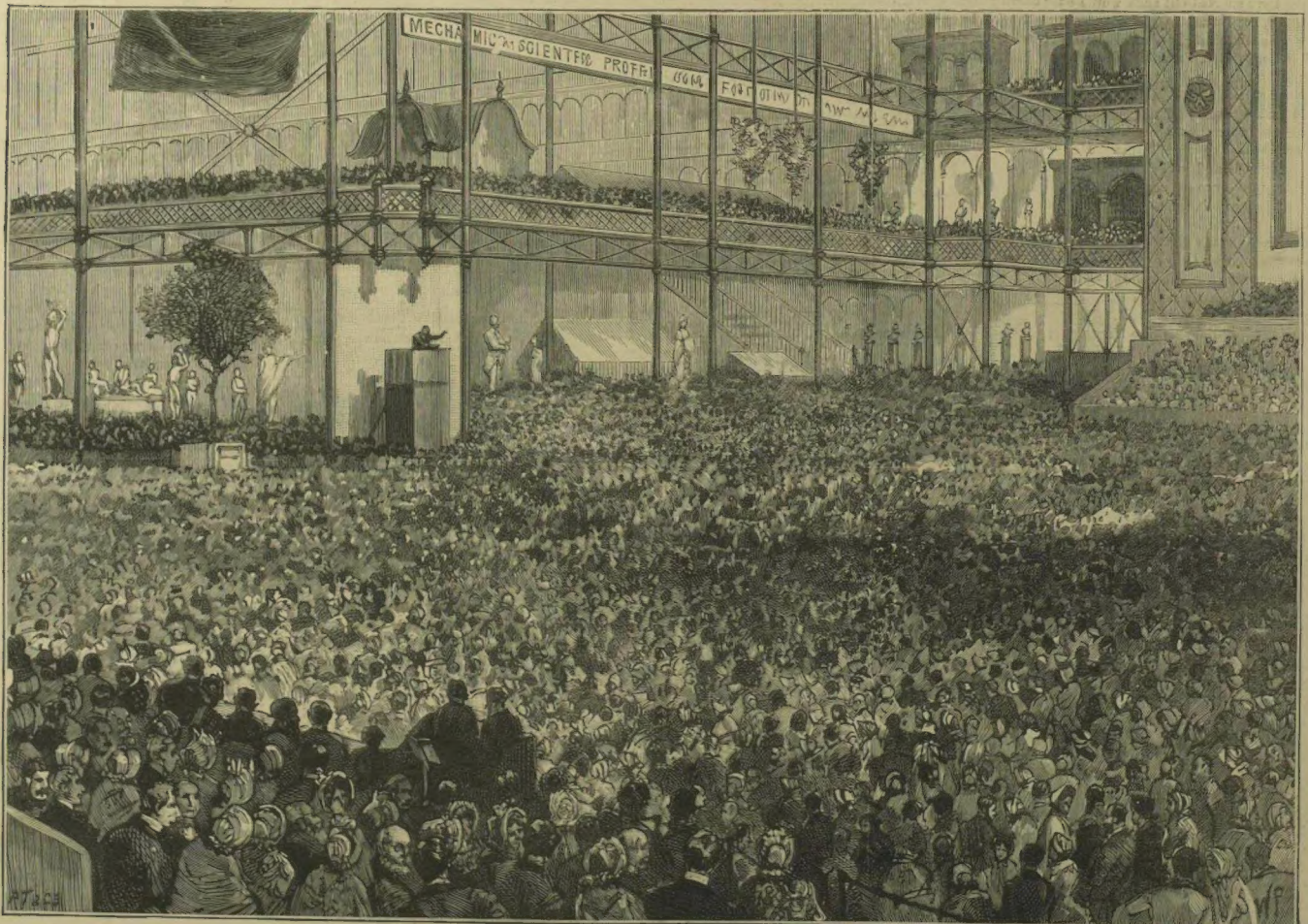
The lapse of thirty-four years has left only an elderly minority of Englishmen still retaining their impressions of the immediate national calamity, and the sense of horror excited by tales of outrage and massacre, at the outbreak of the Indian Sepoy Mutiny in 1857. On Wednesday, Oct. 7, of that year, an appointed special service of public religious humiliation was celebrated in all churches and chapels throughout the country, and collections of money were made for the relief of surviving sufferers or the widows and orphans of those who had perished in India. One of the most striking demonstrations of popular feeling in London upon this occasion was the vast congregation, numbering 23,654, assembled in the nave and central transept of the Crystal Palace, where the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached a forcible sermon from a text of the prophet Micah, "Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it," expressing the sentiments which then generally prevailed in English minds.



HIGH STREET OF KELVEDON, ESSEX, WHERE MR. SPURGEON WAS BORN.



HOUSE AT KELVEDON IN WHICH MR. SPURGEON WAS BORN, AS IT APPEARS AT THE PRESENT TIME.



MR. SPURGEON PREACHING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON HUMILIATION DAY, OCT. 7, 1857.

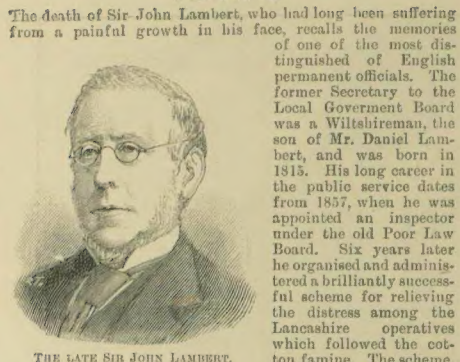


THE WRECK OF THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMER EIDER, OFF ATHERFIELD LEDGE, ISLE OF WIGHT.
From an instantaneous photograph by C. Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.



"HELMATES."—BY E. MORANT COX.

PERSONAL.



THE LATE SIR JOHN LAMBERT.

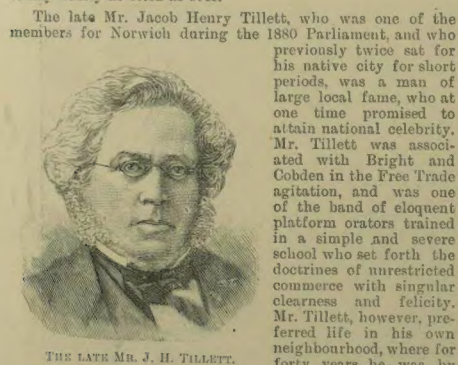
was not a pauperising one, and, as carried out by Sir John Lambert in Bolton, Blackburn, and elsewhere, it greatly lightened the famine in the cotton districts.

Sir John's chief mark on the legislative history of his time was associated with the drafting of some of the most important political measures of the last generation. He was largely responsible for the Russell-Gladstone Reform Bill of 1865, for the Derby-Disraeli project which succeeded it, and he also drafted Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Act and his Land Act of 1870. He assisted in the transformation of the Poor Law Board into the Local Government Board, of which he was the first permanent secretary, occupying the place now worthily held by Sir Hugh Owen. His last notable public service was the preparation of the Franchise Bill of 1884 and his chairmanship of the Boundary Commission, which settled the new basis of representation. For his excellent work on the Commission he was appointed a Privy Councillor. Mr. Gladstone had previously made him a C.B., and Lord Beaconsfield a K.C.B. Sir John was a Catholic, and a man of kindly temper and simple and cultured tastes, his two favourite private pursuits being music and flower-growing. He was a member of the Musical Academy of St. Cecilia in Rome.

Mr. Charles James Lewis, R.I., who died at Chelsea on Jan. 28, after a long illness, was an artist who for many years had been an exhibitor at the Royal Institute, where his landscapes always attracted the attention of those who could appreciate the beauties of nature. He was practically self-taught, and he began life with the determination to make painting his profession. He exhibited for some time at the Royal Academy; but recently all his work went to the Royal Institute, of which he was a member. He was essentially a "pleinairist," as all his work testifies, and so long as his health would permit worked always in the face of nature, of which he transcribed poetically the beauties revealed there which are only apprehended by the true artist. He died at the age of sixty-one years.

An Indian official of marked ability and character has just died in the person of Colonel Sir Robert Groves Sandeman, K.C.S.I., Agent to the Governor-General and Chief Commissioner for Beloochistan. He was practically responsible for the subjugation of the wild and unruly tribes of that country, and their final peaceful settlement under British rule. He accomplished this difficult task mainly by tact and the display of a singularly resourceful personality, and without any substantial aid from British arms. He did similar good work in the Afghan War of 1879-80. When surrounded by menacing tribesmen, who threatened to cut off the British communications, he boldly pushed forward a small body of troops, and "bluffed" the enemy into quiescence. His methods were always daring, and not over-fettered by regard for official precedents. "Sandey," as his Anglo-Indian nickname went, was in many respects a type of the men who made our Indian Empire.

Some interesting figures as to the issue and sale of the late Mr. Spurgeon's sermons have been given by his publishers, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, who for thirty-seven years have given to the world Mr. Spurgeon's weekly discourses. In all, the great preacher has published through this firm 2241 sermons, which represented the selected product of an even larger number of actually spoken utterances. The average sale was about 25,000 a week, one famous sermon, that on "Baptismal Regeneration," selling to the extent of 200,000 copies. Mr. Spurgeon's most popular work was the collection of homely proverbs and thoughts on life entitled "John Ploughman's Talk," of which 370,000 copies were sold, the demand being to-day nearly as brisk as ever.



THE LATE MR. J. H. TILLET.

Throughout his political life, his fame as an orator extending throughout the eastern counties. He fought six battles for

Parliamentary honours, and won three of them, being twice unseated on petition. The judges, however, in each case acquitted him of any corrupt action or intention. In the House of Commons he spoke little, though his maiden speech on the Game Laws Bill was a distinct success. He preferred addressing mass meetings of working-men, and his singularly fine and flexible voice was equal to almost any demand upon it.

Mr. Tillett's public life was singularly strenuous and active. He was twice Mayor of Norwich, was chairman of its first School Board, and was presented with his portrait, which hangs in St. Andrew's Hall with that of Nelson and many other East Anglian worthies. He was one of the leaders of the battle against Church rates, and out of that struggle grew the well-known weekly journal of which he was the founder, the *Norfolk News*. Of late years he lived a retired and meditative life, largely devoted to speculation on religious and philosophical subjects. His appearance was singularly striking, his tall figure being crowned with a face of very remarkable beauty, lit by soft dark eyes and wreathed with a flowing mass of soft white hair. He was of direct Huguenot descent, his ancestor being, we believe, an emigrant weaver named Tillet.

Master Jean Gérardy claims—and justly, too—to be counted among the ranks of artists, and not in the select cadet corps of "juvenile prodigies." For the same reason, doubtless, he feels himself entitled to get through as much work in the course of the year as any ordinary grown-up violoncellist. No one can object so long as the boy does not tax his powers beyond their legitimate limits of endurance, and we have good reason to believe that the proper degree of care is exercised in this regard. Master Gérardy has never ceased to make progress since he paid his first visit to this country. His playing is now more masterly, and therefore more marvel-



JEAN GÉRARDY.

lous than ever. When here in November last his extraordinary performance of a difficult concerto by Volkmann evoked the greatest admiration and wonder. In one or two quarters the opinion was expressed that the *tour de force* was too much for him, but we did not share that opinion, neither was it the idea of musical connoisseurs generally. Master Gérardy reappeared in London on Feb. 2, when he took part in a concert at St. James's Hall organised by Miss Macintyre on behalf of the Home Missions, St. Andrew's Parish, Fulham.

Lord Poltimore's Devonshire seat, Poltimore Castle, near Exeter, where the Premier has been a guest during his West Country campaign, is the principal residence of his lordship, and, though not a particularly large or imposing mansion, is remarkable for the beauty of its architecture, some parts of the building dating back to an early period. Poltimore, which is celebrated even in lovely Devon for the splendidly wooded beauty of its park lands, has been in possession of the ancient West Country family of Bampfylde, of whom Lord Poltimore is the head, since the reign of the first Edward, prior to which time the Bampfylde were lords of the manor of Weston Bampfylde, in the adjoining county of Somerset. The present Lord Poltimore, now in his sixty-fifth year, is a keen sportsman, who owns some first-rate trout-fishing, and is an ardent patron of the foxhounds, which often meet in his beautiful park.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The portrait of the late Sir J. Lambert is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly; Mr. T. G. Jackson, by Mr. Ball, 17, Regent Street; Mr. H. Bates, by Mr. F. Hollyer, 9, Pembroke Square, W.; Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes, by Mr. R. W. Robinson, of Redhill, Surrey; the late Mr. Tillett, by Messrs. Sawyer and Bird, of Norwich; the views of the birthplace of the late Mr. Spurgeon, by Mr. Howard Benham; and the wreck of the Eider, by Mr. Charles Knight, of Newport, Isle of Wight.

MUSIC.

In the music of "The Vicar of Bray" Mr. Edward Solomon may display less variety of resource than he makes manifest in "The Nautch Girl," but, after all, this is not unnatural, seeing that he had ten years' less experience when he composed it. As regards more tunefulness or command of lively rhythms and catchy refrains, it strikes us that the score of "The Vicar of Bray" is nowise inferior to Mr. Solomon's later comic operas. Take, for example, the merry chorus of huntsmen and the quaint old English lilt of the first duet between the Vicar and Mrs. Merton. These are veritable tunes, with swing and character about them, that cling to the ear long after one has left the theatre. We are not sure that as much can be said for the new patter-songs allotted to Nelly Bly and Mr. Bedford Rowe, or for Mrs. Merton's new song, "You ask me why," which Miss Rosina Brandram sings with so much piquancy and point. On the other hand, Mr. Solomon is quite at his best in the Vicar's new song with chorus about the teachings of the Jackson Case—a capital refrain—and the interpolated duet in the second act for Sandford and Winifred. We again detect an old English quality in the sparkling gigue rhythm of the latter number, which, by the way, owes almost as much to the dancing as the singing of Miss Lenore Snyder and Mr. Courtice Pounds. To say that "The Vicar of Bray" music lacks humour (and we have seen this stated) is scarcely fair. The least cultivated musician can surely perceive a sense of fun in the whimsical touches that abound in the orchestra, the

occasional employment of hymn-like cadences, and the introduction at odd moments of the real theme of "The Vicar of Bray," not to speak of the Mendelssohn "Wedding March" heard when the procession is wending its way towards the church. The dancing, the dresses, and the acting may be powerful attractions in the latest Savoy production; but, prominent as they are, they do not cast the music wholly into the background.

The performance of "The Golden Legend," originally announced to take place at the Royal Albert Hall on Jan. 20, was given a week later, before a much larger assemblage than had been anticipated. Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata is, however, a work to "conjure with," and in this instance there was the added attraction of the beautiful "In Memoriam" overture, which the same composer wrote on the occasion of the death of his father, and now given, of course, as a tribute to the memory of the late Duke of Clarence. It is a curious coincidence, and one, we believe, not hitherto pointed out, that this overture was now played at the Albert Hall, under Mr. Barnby's direction, almost on the exact anniversary of its production under Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace a quarter of a century ago. The choruses in "The Golden Legend" were sung with the customary refinement and precision, and, notwithstanding a lengthy resistance on the conductor's part, the audience succeeded in securing the repetition of the melodious "Evening Hymn." The soprano music was sustained with satisfactory intelligence and efficiency by Miss Medora Henson, an American soprano, whose appearance at the Albert Hall has been previously noted this season. Miss Henson was nervous in her opening scene with Ursula and Prince Henry, but gathered confidence as she went on, and sang with extremely good effect in the crescendo passage with chorus leading to a climax on the words "Christe eleison." The remaining solo parts were undertaken by Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Robert Grice, and Mr. Henschel, who were all quite as successful as usual. Needless to add that Mr. Barnby conducted with admirable tact and zeal.

There was a large attendance at the Saturday Popular Concert of Jan. 30, when Mlle. Szumowska (the talented pupil of M. Paderewski) renewed acquaintance with a London audience, and Señor Arias appeared here for the first time this winter. The programme opened with Beethoven's glorious quintet in C major, a wellnigh ideal rendering of which was achieved by MM. Arbos, Ries, Straus, Gibson, and Piatti. The same master's "Sonata Pastorale" served to reintroduce the young Polish pianist, and her interpretation of the work elicited warm admiration. It was instinct with charm and grace, and from a technical standpoint, nothing short of perfection. Mlle. Szumowska was heard later on with Señor Arbos and Signor Piatti in Schumann's D minor piano-forte trio, while the violinist enhanced our high opinion of his merits by a neat and artistic performance of Bach's prelude and fugue in G minor. To make the interest of the concert complete, the new vocal quartets and gipsy songs of Brahms were once more given, the exponents being, as before, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. Isabel Fassett, and Mr. Shakespeare. On the following Monday evening St. James's Hall was barely half filled. Habités who stayed away missed the treat of hearing Madame Néruda in a Haydn quartet and a Handel sonata, and of listening to Mlle. Szumowska's delicate rendering of three Chopin pieces, which, together with Beethoven's sonata in A for piano-forte and violoncello, made up the evening's programme. The ladies were both encoired in their solos, and Mlle. Szumowska gave in response one of her master's charming "Moments Musicaux." Mr. O'Mara was the vocalist.

Sir Augustus Harris has returned from the Continent, fully equipped with the material for his promised performances of German opera, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, these will constitute by far the most interesting feature in his coming season at Covent Garden. Instead of only two music-dramas from "Der Ring des Nibelungen," the entire series of four will be mounted, in addition to "Tristan und Isolde" and Beethoven's "Fidelio." It will be an arduous undertaking, but most of the artists are coming from Germany, and are already quite familiar with the intricacies of Wagner's later works. Some of these singers have been here before, while others, such as Herr Alvary, whose Tristan was the talk of Bayreuth last year, will appear in this country for the first time. It is understood that the impresario intends giving German opera at Drury Lane as well as at the other house, and should the patrons of this form of art come forward with the same ready support that they vouchsafed it ten years ago, he will doubtless find the double enterprise worth carrying out.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen (says *Truth*) has decided to prolong her stay at Osborne until quite the end of February, and it is very probable that her return to Windsor will be deferred until Tuesday, March 1, so that the Court will only be in residence at the castle for three weeks, as her Majesty is to start for Hyeres on either March 22 or 23.

The Queen has written an affecting letter to the nation and to her subjects throughout the empire expressing her deep sense of the universal sympathy excited by the death of her beloved grandson. With womanly simplicity her Majesty alludes to the heavy bereavements she has suffered during the last thirty years, a reminder of past sorrows which has touched a responsive chord in many a household. It might have been expected that in the presence of such grief the most effervescent eccentricity would be stilled into common respect. But some pushing philanthropist has seized the opportunity to advertise himself by suggesting that the Queen's letter should be reproduced in "the highest style of art," and sold for the purpose of raising money for "the sorrowing young bride." It was bad enough to propose that the subscriptions for wedding presents should be given to Princess May, but I hope the new freak of commercial sentiment will rouse the general disgust.

The agricultural labourer has been vigorously wooed by Mr. Chaplin at Ely. A Conservative conference on rural reform was organised as a counterblast to Mr. Schnadhorst's gathering of agricultural electors. The Minister of Agriculture committed himself to the sentiment that every labourer in the country ought to have a piece of land; but he denounced the suggestion that this land should be first acquired by a local authority endowed with compulsory powers. Here, I fancy, is the little rift between the Conservative programme for the counties and the Opposition policy. Mr. Chaplin is to give effect to his views in a Small Holdings Bill, which it is expected will virtually take precedence of the Local Government Bill for Ireland. Rumour, indeed, has already postponed the practical consideration of that measure till after Easter.

Mr. Reid, the chairman of the Central Chamber of Commerce has expressed some scepticism as to the value of these agricultural experiments. Allotments, he thinks, have the bad effect of lowering wages, and the best thing for the labourer to do is to make his labour more efficient. But, with both political parties snuffing for his vote, the labourer can afford to disregard the cold-blooded economist. At Ely there was much outspoken independence, and Mr. Chaplin's philanthropic desire to provide every labourer with a bit of land is more to the purpose than the aspiration of Henri Quatre to see a fowl in every humble pot. Henri Quatre would have set about providing that fowl if he had been threatened by a General Election. Probably the too judicious Reid is not a candidate.

There is a split between the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists of East Worcestershire. The Unionists wanted Mr. Austen Chamberlain as a candidate, but the Conservatives, alarmed by the utterances of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain on the delicate question of Disestablishment, sought to exact very definite pledges from his son. This has produced a state of affairs analogous to the dispute between the two wings of the Unionist Party in Central Birmingham, and the intervention of Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire is again invoked to restore peace.

The first London County Council has been dissolved, and the Metropolis is preparing for the struggle over the birth of the new administrative body. There is little doubt that the elections will be fought on party lines; and it is suggested, indeed, on the Conservative side that the name of Moderates is not sufficiently distinctive for candidates who are opposed to Radical measures. The electors need not remain in ignorance of the achievements of the Council which is just dead if they can find time to peruse the bulky history which has been compiled by Mr. William Saunders.

Lord Salisbury's address to a great meeting of his supporters at Exeter gave very little indication of the course the Government intend to pursue in the coming Session. The Prime Minister laid some stress upon the advantages of small holdings as bulwarks against revolution, and this probably means that Mr. Chaplin's Bill is to safeguard the State. Concerning local Government for Ireland there was not a word, but Lord Salisbury denounced Home Rule as a fatal truckling to the Popish and "uncivilised" majority of the Irish people.

The death of Mr. Spurgeon, which occurred on the night of Jan. 31, is noted at length in another column. Among the telegrams of condolence to Mrs. Spurgeon was one from the Prince and Princess of Wales. The body of the great preacher was taken on Feb. 1 to the mortuary chapel in the cemetery at Mentone, where it was embalmed. The remains will be brought to England, reaching London on Monday, Feb. 8.

The periodical clamour for reform of our legal system is raging with unusual violence. Litigants, who complain that the law is not only uncertain, but laboriously slow and extravagantly dear, have raised an exceeding bitter cry, which is echoed by some intrepid lawyers. One of these, Mr. Pitt-Lewis, proposes to invite Parliament to establish District Courts. It is also suggested that the County Courts should deal with the numberless minor cases of libel and slander which now choke the enfeebled energies of the superior tribunals. Strange to say, there is a general suspicion that the most august judges are not eager to see any considerable changes, and that the reforms of procedure which shall give us cheap and quick trials will not find keen partisans on the Bench.

If writing to the *Times* were as effectual as law-making, there would be some remarkable revolutions in the legal profession. The campaign against the license of cross-examination has been succeeded by a crusade against "illicit commissions." Auctioneers have unfolded blood-curdling tales of the "blackmail" demanded by solicitors. The cross-examiner has come out of the pillory and the attorney has taken his place. Perhaps the auctioneer will be the next victim of this search-light of moral inquisition. But he would be an optimist indeed who should imagine that all this cry will produce any wool in the shape of regeneration in the devices which are covered by the general cloak of "business."

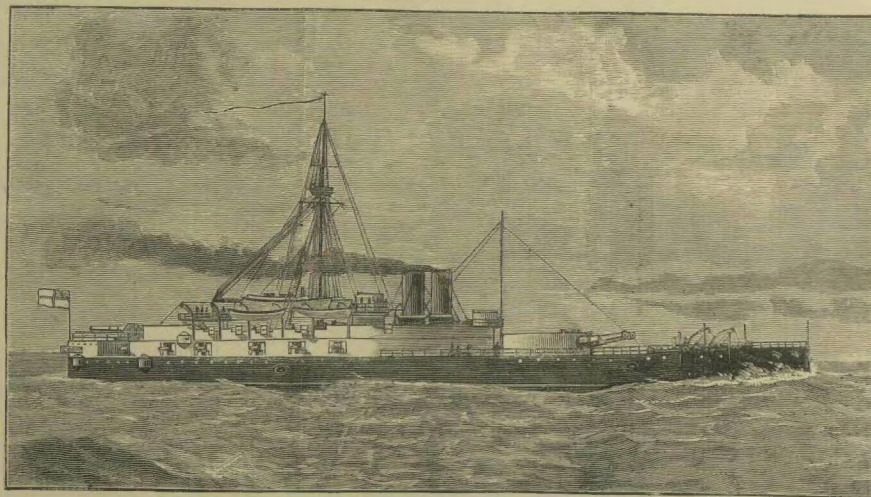
Succi, the fasting man, broke down in his attempt to live for fifty-two days without food. There is now reason to believe that a peculiarly loathsome form of exhibition has had its day. If Succi had been successful, his rival, Jacques, would probably have attempted to outdo him by fasting for fifty-four days. I have never been able to understand why the authorities have permitted this kind of semi-suicide, or many other "entertainments" which exposed some wretched creature's self-imposed tortures to the gaze of a dull mob. The effect of such exhibitions is necessarily brutalising. We would not allow a bull-fight in London, but the spectacle of a man starving himself to the point of death is supposed to be a legitimate

amusement, though it reduces civilised society below the level of the North American Indians.

The rioting at Eastbourne is worse than ever, and it is significant that, although the police are quite unable to cope with the rioters, it never occurs to the local authorities to reinforce the constabulary every Sunday. Brutal assaults on the Salvationist women are witnessed with apparent relish by people who probably consider themselves the flower of civilised breeding.

There are in France five Cardinals, all of them Archbishops, who have recently issued a declaration or manifesto stating that the Catholic clergy would henceforth cease to oppose the Republican form of government, but at the same time saying that their adhesion to the Republic did not imply their approval of certain laws which they consider as infringing their rights and privileges. This manifesto was first looked upon as a declaration of war, but when it was found that Cardinal Laviege, whose Republicanism and patriotism are above suspicion, gave his adhesion to it, another and more correct view of it was taken, and it would now seem that the Government have given up all idea of prosecuting the Cardinals for thus freely expressing their opinion. Only one thing need be remembered—the clergy's adhesion to the Republic; it is good policy to overlook the rest. Thirty-seven Bishops have given their adhesion to the declaration, and the other twenty-three will probably follow their example. Indirectly, however, the Cardinals' manifesto has had consequences of great political importance, for the Comte de Paris, feeling that the Monarchy, for the present at least, has no chance whatever, has decided on reducing his staff (and expenses), and given notice to the secretaries of his committees that next year their services will no longer be required.

The flag-ship of the British Mediterranean Squadron, H.M.S. Victoria, has met with a disagreeable mishap on the western coast of Greece, running aground, on Friday, Jan. 29, at Snipe Point, Dragomesti, near Platea. Striking the rocks amidships, her bottom opened several large leaks, admitting five hundred tons of water. Fortunately the weather was calm, and assistance was promptly rendered by the torpedo-ship Hecla, and there is every probability that she will soon be towed off. The Victoria is one of the most powerful war-ships of the Royal Navy. She was built at Newcastle, and was launched in 1889. She is constructed of steel, and her dimensions are: length, 340 ft.; breadth, 70 ft.; draught of water, 27 ft. 3 in., giving a displacement of 10,470 tons.



H.M.S. VICTORIA, ASHORE OFF THE COAST OF GREECE.

sions are: length, 340 ft.; breadth, 70 ft.; draught of water, 27 ft. 3 in., giving a displacement of 10,470 tons.

The German Emperor is now in his thirty-fourth year. His thirty-third birthday was celebrated throughout Germany on Jan. 27 with the customary official and military ceremonial. In Berlin there was a great display of flags and bunting; officers and soldiers were brave in their parade uniforms, and the people swarmed in the streets, especially at night, when the city was brilliantly illuminated. They have in Germany a pretty custom, consisting in placing a lighted candle behind every window-pane. The effect is very fine from the outside; but, on the other hand, there is a certain danger attending this mode of illumination—the curtains, unless removed, being liable to catch fire.

The Emperor's birthday is now tending to become a general holiday throughout the empire, all non-official Germany vying with the official classes in its loyalty towards the young Emperor.

After a four-days debate, the Primary Education Bill, to the reactionary tendencies of which I alluded in these columns a week or two ago, was read for the first time in the Prussian Diet on Jan. 30, and referred to a Select Committee of twenty-eight members, in which the various political parties are very fairly represented. Notwithstanding the increasing agitation against this measure, which is considered as being conceived purely in the interests of the Clericals, it is expected that the Bill will pass. The other day, Professor Virchow eloquently protested against giving arbitrary powers over public instruction to religious communities, the effect of which, he argued, would be to hamper progress—but without success. Chancellor von Caprivi, who followed him, defined the position of the Government, and explained the object of the Bill, which, he said, was to combat the spirit of Atheism. Of course, these words raised a storm of protest from the Left, but it was quite evident from the tone and manner of the Chancellor that the Government have made up their minds that their Bill shall become law.

Certain revelations just made by a German Socialist organ, and looked upon as genuine by the entire German Press, show that the German soldier's lot is not a happy one. According to the *Forwärts*, a confidential circular issued by Prince George of Saxony to the colonels of the army corps he commands (the 12th) calls attention to several cases of cruelty practised by non-commissioned officers on their men, and appeals to them, for the honour of the army, to purge their regiments from such inhuman instructors. Prince George, in his circular, says that the outrages mentioned by him were committed deliberately and in cold blood, and specifies some of the worst cases. Sergeant Zwahr, for instance, ordered recruits to perform the

whole of the rifle exercise over and over again during the time allotted them for breakfast, until they fainted from fatigue and hunger. Another sergeant, Weyse by name, had a soldier held down, flogged, and kicked, so that he had to be sent to hospital suffering from injuries which resulted in a terrible disease. Lance-Corporal Hoffmann repeatedly flogged Bombardier Dombart with his sword-belt, and made him once present arms 1889 times, until the wretched man fainted from exhaustion.

Yet another sergeant, says the same authority, made his men get up in the middle of the night in January 1890, and, clothed simply in helmets and night-shirts, perform drills in the open air. He then ordered them to light cigars while they were at the double, and the exercise continued until the cigars were smoked out. Other instances are given in the circular of revolting and disgusting acts of cruelty practised on soldiers which tend to show that as refined torturers German non-commissioned officers can be compared only to Chinamen. The fiends in uniform whose names were mentioned in the circular were all tried by court-martial, degraded from their rank, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from two to five years. It strikes me that, considering the abominable features of the above cases, this punishment was singularly mild and inadequate.

Portugal is now in the midst of a grave financial crisis, which might have had serious consequences but for the courageous and straightforward attitude of the King. It was recently discovered that a number of officials in public banking establishments, in the railways, and in some of the State departments had been guilty of maladministration and even of malversation. The King insisted on the guilty parties being prosecuted, and on the full extent of the disaster being made public. This was done, and it was found that there was a deficit in the Budget of 10,000,000 milreis, that the Floating Debt amounted to 23,000,000 milreis, and the advances to banks and other institutions to 13,000,000 milreis. In order to remedy the present situation, the Government presented to the Cortes a Bill providing for an increase in the income tax paid by Government officials, and asking authority to negotiate a convention with the holders of Exterior bonds on the principle of a conversion of a portion of their capital or of the coupons into redeemable bonds, and to reorganise and simplify all branches of the administration.

The Government proposals have been favourably received by the Cortes, and it is hoped that there will be no necessity to resort to the sale of some of the Portuguese colonies, as suggested by Senhor d'Almeida, whose resolution on the subject, for which he demanded urgency, has been unanimously rejected.

The King of Portugal, setting a noble example of patriotism and self-sacrifice, has resolved to relinquish, for the benefit of the Treasury, one fifth of his Civil List.

As the arbitration agreed upon between Great Britain and the United States for the settlement of the Behring Sea question cannot possibly be concluded before the coming sealing season, the *modus vivendi*, which expires on May 1 next, will have to be renewed. The Commissioners of Great Britain and those of the United States have arrived at certain conclusions, to be embodied in a joint report, which will form the basis of the inquiry of the arbitrators. The joint report will be drawn up after the conference of the Commissioners of the two countries, for which arrangements have been made by Sir Julian Pauncefote and Mr. Blaine.

Chile, in reply to the ultimatum of the United States, has agreed to withdraw Señor Matta's circular to the Chilean representatives abroad, and proposed to submit the Baltimore affair to arbitration or to the Supreme Court of the United States. So far, good! Such a result was, indeed, to be expected after the President's Message. But it turns out that this remarkable piece of spread-eagles was totally uncalled for, for the very sufficient reason that the Note of Señor Matta conveying Chile's satisfactory assurances had reached Washington before the President's Message was sent to Congress. Mr. Harrison, in a second Message, explained that the Chilean reply had not been translated when his first Message was sent. Spanish is not a difficult language, and I should have thought that within a few minutes after the telegram reached Washington the President of the United States might have been made acquainted with its contents. Really, Americans must be very bad linguists if such things can occur in their Foreign Office. How long would it have taken President Harrison to get a translation of a despatch written in Russian, I wonder?

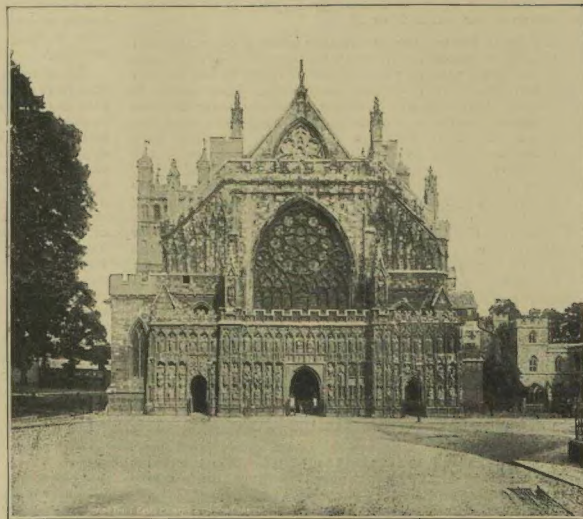
On Feb. 1 Mr. Gerald Portal, British Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, declared the port free in the presence of the Sultan's uncle, as the representative of his Highness, and of a gathering of 5000 merchants of all nations. Henceforth all goods and merchandise will enter duty free, with the exception of ammunition and spirits. Thus a revolution has been effected in East African trade, and a new era begun which will give British commerce a great impetus and an undoubted supremacy in the East African markets.

VISIT OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY TO EXETER.



OLD HOUSES, HIGH STREET, EXETER.

The important political meeting of Devonshire Conservatives and Unionists, addressed by Lord Salisbury on Feb. 2, took place in the city of Exeter, which in former times, when Lord John Russell was one of the representatives of that county, more frequently attracted the notice of great party leaders, as the West of England had then a larger share of Parliamentary borough constituencies. Exeter is the natural and historical capital of that region, comprising portions of Somerset and Dorset, as well as Devon and Cornwall; and until, early in this century, its commercial position as the centre of the old handloom woollen manufacture and trade began to decline, this city exercised much influence over the neighbouring district. Few county capitals or cathedral towns enjoy a more beautiful situation, or have witnessed more interesting events in the national history. It stands, like Ipswich, at the head of navigation on a river ten miles from the sea, and is built upon a group of small hills which were anciently enclosed by fortifying walls and by deep ravines, now passed over by bridges or embankments, while the scarped cliff on its western side overlooks the quays, canal, and docks of the river Exe; and the ruins of Rougemont Castle, with the lofty terrace of Northernhay and a grove of fine elms, present a stately aspect. The views of the hills on the opposite side of the river, with Haldon, and the distant highlands of Dartmoor, and the meadows in the fair valley of the Exe, lend an additional charm to this city. Its cathedral is unique as

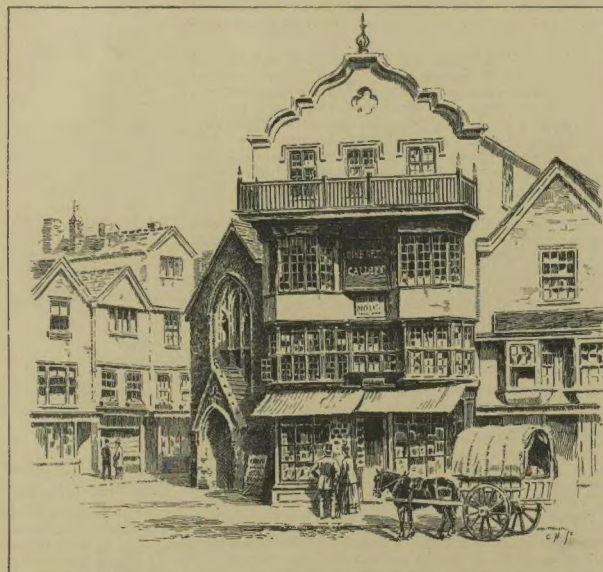


WEST FRONT, EXETER CATHEDRAL.

an example in ecclesiastical architecture of perfect symmetry in its design, with the peculiarity of high Norman towers at the transepts, and its west front has an ornate screen decorated with three ranges of sculptured figures, much defaced by time.



THE GUILDHALL, EXETER.



IN THE CATHEDRAL YARD, EXETER.



EXETER FROM THE CANAL.



"Catch him on the spears!" cried Unalopogaa.

"NADA THE LILY," BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

NADA THE LILY.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOSS OF UMSLOPOGAAS.

Now, after the great smelling out of the witch-doctors, Chaka caused a watch to be kept upon his mother, Unandi, and his wife Baleka, my sister, and this report was brought to him by those who watched—that the two women came to my huts by stealth, and there kissed and nursed a boy—one of my children. Then Chaka remembered the prophecy of Nobela, the dead Isanusi, and his heart grew dark with doubt. But to me he said nothing of the matter, for his eyes then, as always, looked over my head. He did not fear me or believe that I plotted against him, I who was his dog. Still, he did this, though whether by chance or design I do not know: he bade me go on a journey to a distant tribe that lived near the borders of the Amaswazi, there to take count of certain of the king's cattle which were in the charge of that tribe, and to bring him knowledge of the tale of their increase. So I bowed before the king, and said that I would run like a dog to do his bidding, and he gave me men to go with me.

Then I returned to my huts to bid farewell to my wives and children, and there I found that my wife Anadi, the mother of Moosa, my son, had fallen sick with a wandering sickness, for strange things came into her mind, and what came into her mind that she said, being, as I did not doubt, bewitched by some enemy of my house.

Still, I must go upon the king's business, and I told this to my wife Macrophia, the mother of Nada, and as it was thought, of Umslopogana, the son of Chaka. But when I told Macrophia she burst into tears and clung to me. I asked her why she wept thus, and she answered that the shadow of evil lay upon her heart, for she was sure that if I left her at the king's kraal, when I returned again I should find neither her nor Nada, my child, nor Umslopogana, who was named my son, and whom I loved as a son, still in the land of life. Then I tried to calm her; but the more I strove the more she wept, saying that she knew well that these things would be so.

Now I asked her what could be done, for my heart was stirred by her tears, and the dread of evil crept from her to me as shadows creep from the valley to the mountain.

She answered, "Take me with you, my husband, that I may leave this evil land, where the very skies rain blood, and let me rest awhile in the place of my own people till the terror of Chaka has gone by."

"How can I do this thing?" I said. "None may leave the king's kraal without the king's word."

"A man may put away his wife," she replied. "The king does not stand between a man and his wife. Say, my husband, that you love me no longer, that I bear you no more children, and that therefore you send me back to whence I came. By-and-bye we will come together again if we are left to look upon the sun."

"So be it," I answered. "Leave the kraal with Nada and Umslopogana this very night, and to-morrow morning meet me at the river bank, and we will go on together, and for the rest may the spirits of our fathers hold us safe."

So we kissed each other, and she went on secretly with the children.

Now, at the dawning on the morrow I called the men whom the king had given me, and we started upon our journey. When the sun was well up we came to the banks of the river, and there I found my wife Macrophia, and with her the two children. They rose as I came, but I frowned at my wife and she gave me no greeting. Those with me looked at her askance.

"I have divorced this woman," I said to them. "She is a withered tree, a worn-out old hag, and now I take her back to send her to the country of the Swazis, whence she came. Weep not," I added to Macrophia, "it is my last word."

"What says the king?" asked the men.

"I will answer to the king," I said, and we went on.

Now I must tell how we lost Umslopogana, the son of Chaka, who was now a great lad drawing on to manhood, fierce in temper, well grown and broad for his years.

We had journeyed seven days, for the way was long, and on the night of the seventh day we came to a mountainous country where there were few kraals, for Chaka had eaten them all up years before. Perhaps you know the place, my father. In it is a great and strange mountain. It is haunted and named the Ghost Mountain, and on the top of it is a grey peak shaped like the head of an aged woman. Here in this wild place we must sleep, for darkness drew on. Now, we soon learned that there were many lions in the rocks around, for we heard their roaring and were much afraid, all except Umslopogana, who feared nothing. So we made a circle of thorn-bushes and sat in it, holding our assegais ready. Presently the moon came up—it was a full-grown moon and very bright, so bright that we could see everything for a long way round. Now, some six spear-throwers from where we sat was a cliff, and at the top of the cliff was a cave, and in this cave lived two lions and their young. When the moon grew bright we saw the lions come out and stand upon the edge of the cliff, and with them were two little ones that played about like kittens, so that had we not been frightened it would have been beautiful to see them.

"Oh! Umslopogana," said Nada, "I would that I had one of the little lions for a dog."

The boy laughed, saying, "Then, shall I fetch you one, sister?"

"Peace, boy!" I said. "No man may take young lions from their lair and live."

"Such things have been done, my father," he answered, laughing; and no more was said of the matter.

Now, when the lions had played a while, we saw the lioness take up the cubs in her mouth and carry them into the cave. Then she came out again, and went away with her mate to seek food, and soon we heard them roaring in the distance. Now we stacked up the fire and went to sleep in our enclosure of thorns without fear, for we knew that the lions were far away eating game. But Umslopogana did not sleep, for it had come into his mind that he would fetch the cub which Nada had desired, and, being young and foolhardy, he thought little of the danger that he would bring upon himself and all of us. He knew no fear, and now, as ever, if Nada spoke a word, nay, even if she thought upon a thing to desire it, he would not rest till it was won for her. So while we slept he crept like a snake from the fence of thorns, and, taking an assegai in his hand, he slipped away to the foot of the cliff where the lions had their den. Then he climbed the cliff, and, coming to the cave, entered it and groped his way into it. The cubs heard him, and, thinking that it was their mother, began to whine and purr for food. Guided by the light of their yellow eyes, he crept over the bones, of which there were many in the cave, and came

to where they lay. Then he put out his hands and seized one of the cubs, killing the other with his assegai, because he could not carry both of them. Now he made haste thence before the lions returned, and came back to the thorn fence where we lay just as the dawn was breaking.

I awoke at the coming of the dawn, and, standing up, I looked out. Lo! there, on the farther side of the thorn fence, looking large in the grey mist, stood the lad Umslopogana, bleeding. In his teeth he held the assegai, yet dripping with blood, and in his hands the lion cub that, despite its whines and struggles, he grasped by the skin of the neck and the hind legs.

"Awake, my sister!" he cried; "here is the dog you sought. Ah! he bites now, but he will soon grow tame."

Nada awoke, and, rising, cried out with joy at the sight of the cub, but for a moment I stood astonished.

"Fool!" I cried at last, "let the cub go before the lions come to rend us!"

"I will not let it go, my father," he answered sullenly. "Are there not five of us with spears, and can we not fight two cubs? I was not afraid to go alone into their den. Are you all afraid to meet them in the open?"

"You are mad," I said; "let the cub go!" and I rushed at Umslopogana to take it from him. But he sprang aside and avoided me.

"I will never let that go of which I have got hold," he said, "at least not living!" and suddenly he seized the head of the cub and twisted its neck; then threw it on to the ground, and added: "See, now I have done your bidding, my father!"

As he spoke there came a great sound of roaring from the cave in the cliff. The lions had returned and found one cub dead, and the other gone.

"Into the fence!—back into the fence!" I cried, and we sprang over the thorn bushes where those with us already were making ready their spears, trembling as they did, so with fear and the cold of the morning. We looked up. There, down the side of the cliff, came the lions, bounding on the scent of him who had robbed them of their young. The lion came first, and as he came he roared; then followed the lioness, but she did not roar, for in her month was the cub that Umslopogana had assegaied in the cave. Now they drew near, mad with fury, their manes bristling, and lashing their flanks with their long tails.

"Curse you for a fool, son of Mopo!" said one of the men with me to Umslopogana, "presently I will beat you till the blood comes for this trick."

"First beat the lions, then beat me if you can," answered the lad, "and wait to curse till you have done both."

Now the lions were near; they came to the body of the second cub, that lay outside the fence of thorns. The lion stopped and sniffed it. Then he roared—ah! he roared till the earth shook. As for the lioness, she dropped the dead cub she was carrying, and took the other into her mouth, for she could not carry both.

"Get behind me, Nada," cried Umslopogana, brandishing his spear, "the lion is going to spring."

As the words left his mouth the great brute crouched to the ground. Then suddenly he sprang from it like a bird, and like a bird he travelled through the air towards us.

"Catch him on the spears!" cried Umslopogana, and by nature, as it were, we did the boy's bidding; for huddling ourselves together, we held out the assegais so that the lion fell upon them as he sprang, and their blades sank far into him. But the weight of his charge carried us to the ground, and he fell on to us, striking at us and at the spears, and roaring with pain and fury as he struck. Presently he was on his legs biting at the spears in his breast. Then Umslopogana, who alone had not waited his onslaught, but had stepped aside for his own ends, gave a loud cry and drove his assegai into the lion behind the shoulder, so that with a groan the brute rolled over dead.

Meanwhile, the lioness had stood without the fence, the second dead cub in her mouth, for she could not bring herself to leave either of them. But when she heard her mate's last groan she dropped the cub and gathered herself together to spring. Umslopogana alone stood up to face her, for he only had withdrawn his assegai from the carcass of the lion. On she swept towards the lad, who stood like a stone to meet her. Now she met his spear, it sank in, it snapped, and down fell Umslopogana dead or senseless beneath the mass of the lioness. She sprang up, the broken spear standing in her breast, sniffed at Umslopogana, then, as though she knew that it was he who had robbed her, she seized him by the loins and moocha, and sprang with him over the fence.

"Oh, save him!" cried the girl Nada, in bitter woe; and we rushed after the lioness shouting.

For a moment she stood over her dead cubs, Umslopogana hanging from her mouth, and looked at them as though she wondered; and we hoped that she might let him fall. Then, hearing our cries, she turned and bounded away towards the bush, bearing Umslopogana in her mouth. We seized our spears and followed; but soon the ground grew stony, and, search as we would, we could find no trace of Umslopogana or of the lioness. They had vanished like a cloud. So we came back, and, ah! my heart was sore, for I loved the lad as though he had indeed been my son. But I knew that he was dead, and there was an end.

"Where is my brother?" cried Nada when we came back. "Lost," I answered. "Lost, never to be found again."

Then the girl gave a great and bitter cry, and fell to the earth saying, "I would that I were dead with my brother!"

"Let us be going," said Macrophia, my wife.

"Have you, then, no tears to weep for your son?" asked a man of our company.

"What is the use of weeping over the dead? Does it, then, bring them back?" she answered. "Let us be going!"

The man thought these words strange, but he did not know that Umslopogana was not born of Macrophia.

Still, we waited in that place a day, thinking that, perhaps, the lioness would return to her den and that, at least, we might slay her. But she came back no more. So on the next morning we rolled up our blankets and started forward on our journey, sad at heart. In truth, Nada was so weak from grief that she could hardly travel, but I never heard the name of Umslopogana pass her lips again during that journey. She buried him in her heart and said nothing. And I too said nothing, but I wondered why it had been put in my mind that I should save the life of Umslopogana from the jaws of the Lion of the Zulu that the lioness of the rocks might devour him.

And so the time went on till we reached the kraal where the king's business must be done, and where I and my wife should part.

On the morning after we came to the kraal, having kissed in secret, though outwardly we looked sullenly on one another, we parted as those part who meet no more; for this was in our minds—that we should never see each other's face again, nor, indeed, did we do so. And I drew Nada aside and spoke to her thus—"We part, my daughter; nor do I know when we shall meet again, for the times are troubled and it is for your safety and that of your mother that I rob my eyes of the sight

of you. Nada, you will soon be a woman, and you will be fairer than any woman among our people, and it will come about that many great men will seek you in marriage, and, perhaps, that I, your father, shall not be there to choose for you whom you shall wed, according to the custom of our land. But this I charge you: so far as may be possible for you to do so, take only a man whom you can love, and be faithful to him alone, for so shall a woman find happiness."

Here I stopped, for the girl took hold of my hand and looked into my face. "Pence, my father," she said, "do not speak to me of marriage, for I will wed no man, now that Umslopogana is dead because of my foolishness. I will live and die alone, and, oh! may I die quickly, that I may go to seek him whom alone I love."

"Nay, Nada," I said, "Umslopogana was your brother, and it is not fitting that you should speak of him thus, even though he is dead."

"Of such matters I know nothing, my father," she said. "I speak what my heart tells me, and it tells me that I loved Umslopogana only living, and, though he is dead, I shall love him only to the end. Ah! you think me but a child, yet my heart is large, and it does not lie to me."

Now, I upbraided the girl no more, because I knew that Umslopogana was not her brother, but one with whom she might have wedded. Only I marvelled that the voice of nature should speak so truly in her, telling her that which was lawful, even when it seemed to be most unlawful.

"Speak no more of Umslopogana," I said, "for surely he is dead, and though you may not forget him, yet speak of him no more, and I pray this of you, my daughter: that if we do not meet again, yet you should keep me in your mind, and the love I bear you, and the words that from time to time I have said to you. The world is a thorny wilderness, my daughter, and the thorns are watered with a rain of blood, and we wander in our wretchedness as lost travellers in a mist; nor do I know why our feet are set upon this wandering. But at last there comes an end, and we die and go hence, none know where, but perhaps where we go the evil may change to the good, and those who were dear to each other on the earth may become yet dearer in the heavens; for I believe this—that man is not born to perish altogether, but is rather gathered again to the Umkulunkulu who sent him on his journeyings. Therefore keep hope, my daughter, for, if these things are not so, at least sleep remains, and sleep is soft. And so farewell."

Then we kissed and parted, and I watched Macrophia, my wife, and Nada, my daughter, till they melted into the sky as they walked upon their journey to Swaziland, and was very sad at heart, because, having lost Umslopogana, he who in after days was named the Slaughterer and the Woodpecker, I must lose them also.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRIAL OF MOPU.

Now, I sat four days in the huts of the tribe whither I had been sent, and did the king's business. And on the fifth morning I rose up, together with those with me, and we turned our faces towards the king's kraal.

But when we had journeyed a little way we met a party of soldiers, who commanded us to stand.

"What is it, king's men?" I asked boldly.

"This, son of Makedama," answered their spokesman, "give over to us your wife Macrophia and your children, Umslopogana and Nada, that we may do with them as the king commands."

"For Umslopogana," I answered, "he has gone where the king's arm cannot stretch, for he is dead; and for my wife Macrophia and my daughter, Nada, they are by now in the caves of the Swazis, and thither the king must seek them with an army if he will find them. To Macrophia he is welcome, for I hate her, and have divorced her; and as for the girl, well, there are many girls, and it is no great matter if she lives or dies, yet I pray him to spare her."

Thus I spoke carelessly, for I knew well that my wife and child were beyond the reach of Chaka.

"You do well to ask the girl's life," said the soldier, laughing, "for all those born to you are dead, by order of the king."

"Is it indeed so?" I answered calmly, though my knees shook and my tongue cloyed to my lips. "The will of the king be done. A cut stick puts out new leaves; I can have more children."

"Ay, Mopo; but you must first get new wives, for yours are dead also, all five of them."

"Is it indeed so?" I answered. "The king's will be done. I wearied of those brawling women."

"So, Mopo," said the soldier; "but to get other wives and have more children born to you, you yourself must live, for no children are born to the dead, and I think that Chaka has an assegai which you shall kiss."

"Is it so?" I answered. "The king's will be done. The sun is hot, and I tire of the road. He who kisses the assegai sleeps sound."

Thus I spoke, my father, and, indeed, in that hour I desired to die. The world was empty for me. Macrophia and Nada were gone, Umslopogana was dead, and dead were my other wives and children. I had little heart to begin to build up a new house, none were left for me to love, and it seemed well that I should die also.

The soldiers asked of those with me if that tale was true which I told of the death of Umslopogana and of the going of Macrophia and Nada into Swaziland. They said, Yes, it was true. Then the soldiers said that they would lead me back to the king, and at this I wondered, for I thought that they would kill me where I stood. So we went on, and piece by piece I learned what had happened at the king's kraal.

On the day after I left, it came to the ears of Chaka, by the mouth of his spies, that my second wife—Anadi—was sick and spoke strange words in her sickness. Then, taking three soldiers with him, he went to my kraal at the death of the day. At the gates of the kraal he left the three soldiers, bidding them to suffer none to come in or go out, but he himself entered the large hut where Anadi lay sick, having his toy assegai, with the shaft of the royal red wood, in his hand. Now, as it chanced, in the hut were Unandi, the mother of Chaka, and Baleka, my sister, the wife of Chaka, for, not knowing that I had taken away Umslopogana, the son of Baleka, according to their custom, these two foolish ones had come to kiss and fondle the lad. But when they entered the hut they found it full of my other wives and children. These they sent away, all except Moosa, the son of Anadi, who lay sick—that boy who was born eight days before Umslopogana, the son of Chaka. Him they kept in the hut, and kissed him, giving him imphi* to eat, and they did this fearing lest it should seem strange to the women, my wives, if, Umslopogana being gone, they would take notice of no other child.

Now, as they sat thus, presently the doorway was darkened, and, behold! the king himself crept through it, and saw them fondling the child Moosa. When they knew who it was that entered, the women flung themselves upon the ground before

* A variety of sugar-cane.—Eo.

him and praised him. But he smiled grimly, and laid them beside him. Then he spoke to them, saying, "You wonder, Unandi, my mother, and Baleka, my wife, why it is that I am come here into the hut of Mopo, son of Makedama. I will tell you: it is because he is away upon my business, and I hear that his wife Anadi is sick—it is she who lies there, is it not? Therefore, as the first doctor in the land, I am come to cure her, Unandi, my mother, and Baleka, my sister."

Thus he spoke, eyeing them as he did so, and taking snuff from the blade of his little assegai; and though his words were gentle they shook with fear, for when Chaka spoke thus gently he meant death to many. But Unandi, Mother of the Heavens, answered, saying that it was good that the king had come, since his medicine would bring rest and peace to her who lay sick.

"Yes," he answered; "it is good. It is pleasant, moreover, my mother and my sister, to see you kissing yonder child. Surely, were he of your own blood you could not love him more."

Now they trembled again, and prayed in their hearts that Anadi, the sick woman, who lay asleep, might not wake and utter foolish words in her wandering. But the prayer was answered from below and not from above, for Anadi woke, and, hearing the voice of the king, her sick mind flew to him whom she believed to be the king's child.

"Ah!" she said, sitting upon the ground and pointing to her own son Moosa, who squatted frightened against the wall of the hut. "Kiss him, Mother of the Heavens, kiss him! Whom do they call him, the young cub who brings ill fortune to our doors? They call him son of Mopo and Macrophia!" and she laughed wildly, stopped speaking, and sank back upon the bed of skins.

"They call him son of Mopo and Macrophia," said the king in a low voice. "Whose son is he, then, woman?"

"Oh! ask her not, O King," cried his mother and his wife, casting themselves upon the ground before him, for they were mad with fear. "Ask her not; she has strange fancies such as are not meet for your ears to hear. She is bewitched, and has dreams and fancies."

"Peace!" he answered. "I would listen to this woman's wanderings. Perhaps some star of truth shines in her darkness, and I would see light. Who, then, is he, woman?"

"Who is he?" she answered. "Are you, then, a fool that ask who he is? He is—hush!—put your ear close—let me speak low lest the reeds of the hut whisper it to the king. He is—do you hear? He is—the son of Chaka and Baleka, the sister of Mopo, whom Unandi, Mother of the Heavens, palmed off upon this house to bring a curse on it, and whom she would lead out before the people when the land is weary of the wickedness of the king, her son, to take the place of the king."

"It is false, O King!" cried the two women. "Do not listen to her; it is false. The boy is her own son, Moosa, whom she does not know in her sickness."

But Chaka stood up in the hut and laughed terribly. "Truly, Nobela prophesied well," he cried, "and I did ill to slay her. So this is the trick thou hast played upon me, my mother. Thou wouldst give me a son who will have no son: thou wouldst give me a son to kill me. Good! Mother of the Heavens, take thou the doom of the Heavens! Thou wouldst give me a son to slay me and rule in my place; now, in turn, I, thy son, will rob me of a mother. Die, Unandi!—die at the hand thou didst bring forth!" And he lifted the little assegai and smote it through her.

For a moment Unandi, Mother of the Heavens, wife of Senzangaona, stood uttering no cry. Then she put up her hand, and drew the assegai from her heart.

"So shalt thou also die, Chaka the Evil!" she cried, and fell down dead there in the hut.

Thus, then, did Chaka slay his mother Unandi.

Now, when Baleka saw what had been done, she turned and fled from the hut to the *Emposeni*, and so swiftly that the guards at the gates could not stop her. But when she reached her own hut her strength failed her, and she fell senseless on the ground. But the boy Moosa, my son, being overcome with terror, stayed where he was, and Chaka, believing him to be his son, murdered him also, and with his own hand.

Then he stalked out of the hut, and, leaving the three guards at the gate, commanded a company of soldiers to surround the kraal and fire it. This they did, and as the people rushed out they killed them, and those who did not rush out were burned in the fire. Thus, then, perished all my wives, my children, my servants, and those who were within the gates in their company. The tree was burned, and the bees in it, and I alone was left living—I and Macrophia and Nada, who were far away.

Nor was Chaka yet filled with blood, for, as has been told, he sent messengers bidding them kill Macrophia, my wife, and Nada, my daughter, and him who was named my son. But to the messengers he said this word: that they should not slay me, but bring me living before him.

Now, when the soldiers did not kill me I took counsel with myself, for it was my belief that I was saved alive only that I might die later, and in a more cruel fashion. Therefore, for a while, I thought that it would be well if I did that for myself which another waited to do for me. Why should I, who was already doomed, wait to meet my doom?

What had I left to keep me in the place of life, seeing that all whom I loved were dead? To die would be easy, for I knew the ways of death. In my girle I carried a secret medicine: he who eats of it, my father, will see the sun's shadow move no more, and will never look upon the stars again. But I was not minded to know the assegai or the kerrie, nor would I perish more slowly beneath the knives of the tormentors, nor be parched by the pangs of thirst, or wander eyeless to my end. Therefore it was that since I had sat in the doom ring looking hour after hour into the face of death, I had borne this medicine with me by night and by day. Surely now was the time to use it.

So I thought as I sat through the watches of the night, and drew out the bitter drug and laid it on my tongue. But even as I did so I remembered my daughter Nada, who was still left to me, though she sojourned in a far country, and my wife Macrophia and my sister Baleka, who lived yet, so said the soldiers, though how it came about that the king had not killed them I did not know then. Also another thought was born in my heart. While he was in me, I might be rewarded upon him who had wrought me this woe; but can the dead strike? Alas! the dead are strengthless, and if they still have hearts to suffer, they have no hands to give back blow for blow. Nay, I will live on. This to do when death could no more be put away. Time to do when the voice of Chaka spoke my doom. Death chooses for himself and answers to questions, he is a guest to whom a man need open the door of his heart, for when he wills he can pass the truth like the air. Not yet would I taste that medicine of mine.

So I laid on my father, and the soldiers led me back to the kraal of Chaka. Now, when we came to the kraal it was night, for the sun had sunk as we passed through the gates. Still, as charge had been given him, the captain of

those who watched me went in before the king and told him that I lay without. And the king said, "Let him be brought before me who was my physician, that I may tell him how I have doctored those of his house."

So they took me and led me to the royal house, and pushed me through the doorway of the great hut.

Now, a fire burned in the hut, for the night was cold, and Chaka sat on the further side of the fire, looking towards the opening of the hut, and the smoke from the fire wreathed him round, and the light of the fire shone upon his face and flickered in his terrible eyes.

At the door of the hut certain of the councillors seized me by the arms and dragged me towards the fire. But I broke from them, and prostrating myself, for my arms were free, I praised the king and called him by his royal names. The councillors sprang towards me to seize me again, but Chaka said, "Let him be, I would talk with my servant." Then the councillors bowed themselves on either side, and lay their hands on their sticks, their foreheads touching the ground. But I sat down on the floor of the hut over against the king, and we talked through the fire.

"Tell me of the cattle that I sent thee forth to number, Mopo, son of Makedama," said Chaka. "Have my servants dealt honestly with my cattle?"

"They have dealt honestly, O King," I answered.

"Tell me, then, of the number of the cattle and of their markings, Mopo, forgetting none."

So I sat and told him, ox by ox, cow by cow, and heifer by heifer, forgetting none; and he listened silently as one who is asleep. But I knew that he did not sleep, for all the while the firelight flickered in his terrible eyes. Also I knew that he did not torment me, or that, perhaps, he would learn of the cattle before he killed me. At length all the tale was told.

"So," said the king, "it goes well. There are yet honest men left in the land. Knowest thou, Mopo, that sorrow has come upon thy house while thou wast about my business?"

"I have heard it, O King!" I answered, as one who speaks of a small matter.

"Yes, Mopo, sorrow has come upon thy house, the curse of Heaven has fallen upon thy kraal. They tell me, Mopo, that the fire from above ran briskly through thy huts."

"I have heard it, O King!"

"They tell me, Mopo, that those within thy gates grew mad at the sight of the fire, and dreaming there was no escape, that they stabbed themselves with assegais or leaped into the flames."

"I have heard it, O King! What of it? Any river is deep enough to drown a fool!"

"Thou hast heard it, Mopo, but thou hast not yet heard all. Knowest thou, Mopo, that among those who died in thy kraal was she who bore me, she who was named Mother of the Heavens?"

Then, my father, I, Mopo, acted wisely, because of the thought which my good spirit gave me, for I cast myself upon the ground, and wailed aloud as though in utter grief.

"Spare my ears, Black One!" I wailed. "Tell me not that she who bore thee is dead, O Lion of the Zulu. For the others, what is it? It is a breath of wind, it is a drop of water; but this trouble is as the gale or as the sea."

"Cease, my servant, cease!" said the mocking voice of Chaka. "But know this, thou hast done well to grieve aloud because the Mother of the Heavens is no more, and ill wouldst thou have done to grieve because the fire from above has kissed thy gates. For hadst thou done this last thing or left the first undone, I should have known that thy heart was wicked, and by now thou wouldst have wept indeed—tears of blood, Mopo. It is well for thee, then, that thou hast read my riddle aright."

Now I saw the greatness of the pit that Chaka had dug for me, and blessed my *Ehloze*, who had put into my heart these words which I should answer. I hoped also that Chaka would now let me go; but it was not to be, for this was but the beginning of my trial.

"Knowest thou, Mopo," said the king, "that as my mother died yonder in the flames of thy kraal she cried out strange and terrible words that came to my ears through the singing of the fire. These were her words: that thou, Mopo, and thy sister Baleka, and thy wives, had conspired together to give a child to me who would be childless. These were her words, the words that came to me through the singing of the fire. Tell me now, Mopo, where are those children that thou leddest from my kraal, the boy with the lion eyes who is named Umslopogana, and the girl who is named Nada?"

"Umslopogana is dead by the lion's mouth," O King!" I answered, "and Nada sits in the Swazi caves; and I told him of the death of Umslopogana and of how I had doctored Macrophia, my wife."

"The boy with the lion eyes to the lion's mouth!" said Chaka. "Enough of him; he is gone. Nada may yet be sought for with the assegai in the Swazi caves; enough of her. Let us speak of this song that thy mother—who, alas! is dead, Mopo—this song she sang through the singing of the flames. Tell me, Mopo, tell me now, was it a true tale?"

"Nay, O King; surely the Mother of the Heavens was maddened by the Heavens when she sang that song," I answered. "I know naught of it, O King."

"Thou knowest naught of it, Mopo?" said the king; and again he looked at me terribly through the reek of the fire. "Thou knowest naught of it, Mopo? Surely thou art a cold; thy hands shake with cold. Nay, man, fear not—warm them, warm them, Mopo. See, now, plunge that hand of thine into the heart of the flame!" and he pointed with his little assegai, the assegai handled with the royal wood, to where the fire glowed reddest—ay, he pointed and laughed.

Then, my father, I grew cold indeed—ay, I grew cold who soon should be hot, for I saw the purpose of Chaka. He would put me to the trial by fire.

For a moment I sat silent, thinking. Then the king spoke again in a great voice: "Nay, Mopo, be not so backward; shall I sit warm and see thee suffer cold? What, my councillors, rise, take the hand of Mopo, and hold it in the flame, that his heart may rejoice in the warmth of the flame while we speak together of this matter of the child that was, so my mother sang, born to Baleka, my wife, the sister of Mopo, my servant."

"There is little need for that, O King," I answered, being made bold by fear, for I saw that if I did nothing death would swiftly end my doubts. Once, indeed, I bethought me of the poison that I bore, and was minded to swallow it and make an end, but the desire to live is great, and keen is the thirst for vengeance, so I said to my heart: "Not yet awhile; I will endure this also; afterwards, if I need be, I can die."

"I thank the king for his graciousness, and I will warm me at the fire. Speak on, O King, while I warm me at the fire, and thou shalt hear true words," I said boldly.

Then, my father, I stretched out my left hand and plunged it into the fire—not into the hottest of the fire, but where the smoke leapt from the flame. Now, my flesh was wet with the sweat of fear, and for a little moment the flames

curled round it and did not burn it. But I knew that the torment was to come.

For a short while Chaka watched me, smiling. Then he spoke slowly, that the fire might find time to do its work.

"Say, then, Mopo, thou knowest nothing of this matter of the birth of a son to thy sister Baleka?"

"I know this only, O King!" I answered, "that a son was born in past years to thy wife Baleka, that I killed the child according to thy word, and laid its body before thee."

Now, my father, the steam from my flesh had been drawn from my hand by the heat, and the flame got hold of me and ate into my flesh, and its torment was great. But of this I showed no sign upon my face, for I knew well that if I showed sign or uttered cry, then, having failed in the trial, death would be my portion.

Then the king spoke again: "Dost thou swear by my head, Mopo, that no son of mine was suckled in thy kraal?"

"I swear it, O King! I swear it by thy head," I answered.

And now, my father, the agony of the fire was such as may not be told. I felt my eyes start forward in their sockets, my blood seemed to boil within me, it rushed into my head, and down my face there ran two tears of blood. But yet I held my hand in the fire and made no sign, while the king and his councillors watched me curiously. Still, for a moment, Chaka said nothing, and that moment seemed to me as all the years of my life.

"Ah!" he said, at length, "I see that thou growest warm, Mopo! Withdraw thy hand from the flame. I am answered: thou hast passed the trial; thy heart is clean; for had there been lies in it the fire had given them tongue, and thou hadst cried aloud, making thy last music, Mopo!"

Now I took my hand from the flame, and for awhile the torment left me.

"It is well, O King!" I said calmly. "Fire has no power of hurt on those whose heart is pure."

But as I spoke I looked at my left hand. It was black, my father—black as a charred stick, and the nails were gone from the twisted fingers. Look at it now, my father; you can see, though my eyes are blind. The hand is white, like yours—it is white and dead and shrivelled. These are the marks of the fire in Chaka's hut—the fire that kissed me many, many years ago; I have had but little use of that hand since this night of torment. But my right arm yet remained to me, my father, and, ah! I used it.

"It seems that Nobela, the doctress, who is dead, lied when she prophesied evil on me from thee, Mopo," said Chaka again. "It seems that thou art innocent of this offence, and that Baleka, thy sister, is innocent, and that the song which the Mother of the Heavens sang through the singing flames was no true song. It is well for thee, Mopo, for in such a matter my oath had not helped thee. But my mother is dead—dead in the flames with thy wives and children, Mopo, and in this there is witchcraft. We will have a mourning, Mopo, thou and I, such a mourning as has not been seen in Zululand, for all the people on the earth shall weep at it. And there shall be a 'smelling out' at this mourning, Mopo. But we will summon no witch-doctors, thou and I will be witch-doctors, and ourselves shall smell out those who have brought these woes upon us. What! shall my mother die unavenged, she who bore me and has perished by witchcraft, and shall thy wives and children die unavenged—thou being innocent? Go forth, Mopo, my faithful servant, whom I have honoured with the warmth of my fire, go forth!" and once again he stared at me through the reek of the flame, and pointed with his assegai to the door of the hut.

(To be continued.)

ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

The founder, proprietor, and editor of the *Church Times*—Mr. George Josiah Palmer—is dead. He had been suffering for some years from a harassing complaint, during which he had to leave the immediate management of his paper to others, but he continued to exercise a firm control over its policy. The *Church Times* was started thirty years ago as the only penny Church weekly, and naturally had a struggle, out of which it has long since triumphantly emerged. Though it has long been by far the most widely circulated of the Church papers, it is only a few years since it passed 30,000. Its nearest competitor is a long way behind. Dissenting papers, on the whole, have a very much larger circulation than those of the Church.

The *Church Times* has always been absolutely frank and fearless, though it does not now possess any writer so vivacious and keen as Dr. Littledale, who for many years was to it what Dr. Churh was to the *Guardian*. Littledale, though generous in his literary judgments, was merciless in ecclesiastical controversy, and was never in the least degree dazzled or intimidated by great position. His favourite relaxation was reading and criticising novels: with him the two went together.

Bishop Westcott, speaking of Disestablishment at Darlington, said he had not the least doubt that Disestablishment would open marvellous fountains of generosity at present closed. He was certain that the English laity would not fall short of the standard of the Free Church of Scotland, but he believed that the State would be the sufferer. Dr. Westcott is developing great ability and popularity as a platform speaker.

The opposition to the Newman statue at Oxford is evidently coming from all parties in the Church. The case against it is stated thus: "It is as though a proposal were made to erect a colossal statue to Napoleon in Trafalgar Square—'True,' say his advocates, 'he hated England, and did what he could to enslave her, but we honour him as the greatest general of modern times, and the country will not be so narrow-minded as to refuse to do homage to his consummate ability.'" In other words, it is urged that the Church should not lend a hand to set one up who did his best to pull her down.

Is it not likely that Mrs. Ward has gone to the late S. Greg, brother of the more famous W. H. Greg, for some features of "David Grieve"? The publication of social tracts, the relation between masters and servants, bring that well-known Laneshire figure to mind.

From some further interesting reminiscences of Dean Church which have been published, we learn that one of the things Dr. Church most missed in London was "going for a walk." I have met him more than once in Fleet Street with his thin frame and spiritual face gliding like a ghost through the throng, but it appears that his most frequent resort was the Embankment, which he found a poor substitute "for the sweet lanes and balmy vales of Somersetshire."

The *Church Quarterly* notices with cautious friendliness Canon Driver's "Introduction to the Old Testament," but will have nothing to say to Dr. Cheyne. In an article which occupies nearly half of the current number of the *Expositor*, Dr. Cheyne reviews his colleague's work, partly with the view of showing that he substantially occupies the same position. But Dr. Driver acts with Mr. Gore; Dr. Cheyne does not—V.



THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN: 1792. "IN CUSTODY."

"IN CUSTODY" AND "EMANCIPATION."

BY MRS. LYNN LINTON.

Sitting in the Mall by the side of her lynx-eyed mother, sweet Mistress Dorothy dreamed of the love she as yet did not know, and wondered what the liberties of marriage and maturity would be like. Something of the old Puritan spirit of self-repression still lingered in the home a hundred years ago, as something of the old seigniorial sentiment animated society; and under the chastening influence of this spirit, sweet Mistress Dorothy found her restricted life both pleasant and sufficing, and was content to wait in patience for the day of her social emancipation. Meanwhile, her thoughts were free to wander where they would; and if they chose to idealise some pretty fellow in a cocked hat and periwig, who stamped his vitals by way of emphasis and interlarded his conversation with oaths minced down to mere harmless figures of speech, there

was no one to prevent her. And the secret little poem did her no mischief. Pure, fair, and innocent, sweet Mistress Dorothy understood, like her mother, the uses of time and the fitness of knowledge to age. She knew that her life's business was to be a good housekeeper, an amiable wife, a devoted mother, a just and well-ordering mistress. Hence she learnt betimes the mysteries of the still-room and the right care of the linen-closet; she understood the management of the dairy and the poultry yard, was well versed in the methods of making brawn and collared head, could toss up a pancake with the best, could make pastry and jellies, custards and cheese cakes; and that cook would have been a cleverer wench than most who could have cheated her in the commissariat. Thus far for the housekeeping. For the pleasantness of her wifehood she could play simple airs on the harpsichord, perhaps she could play on the harp or lute. She could sing in a fresh and artless way, but she could not recite, nor "attack" bravura songs, nor accomplish vocal

gymnastics anyhow. She could dance with grace, precision, and spirit, but she would have died rather than have danced on a stage or in any place more public than Almack's or a county hall. She read grave books as well as such fiction as was abroad, her talk was intelligent if not learned, and her manner was animated if not bold. She had a certain fear and a pronounced respect for her husband, and she thought his will should be her will. When she had children she attended to them herself, and she soon became an adept in treating their little ailments. The respect and obedience she had paid her parents she demanded from her own children; and she did not find that they loved her less, or she them, because they were obedient and respectful and not familiar. She governed her maids and they did not govern her; and she lived a life of blameless purity and active well-doing, as well as of quiet domesticity and gentle self-restraint. Her great-great-granddaughter, Miss Dolly, with her friend Madge, is quite another person. Dolly is a girl with no nonsense



THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN: 1892, "EMANCIPATION."

about her and no prejudices. Home duties she has discarded as degrading to an educated woman, wifely respect she despises as the sign of craven submission to an inferior, children she dislikes as hindrances and nuisances, love is a dream fit only for lunatics and idiots. What she wants is freedom to do as she likes—the key of all the fields of life, not barring one; and then—"oof." She does not want to do anything immoral, but she wants to show that she can if she chooses. She likes to feel her own mistress, free to come and go, no one knowing when she comes or where she goes. She likes to imitate the men she professes to despise as moral cowards when they are not brutes, as "dafters" when they are not "prigs." She cultivates her nerves and her biceps, plays cricket and golf, rows, rides, and hunts, fishes and shoots, drives a pair in the park, and goes on a bicycle through the crowded streets of London. She shows neither fear nor bashfulness, neither nervous tremor nor maidenly hesitation. She knows that she is beautiful, and she is quite content that all the world shall know it

too. She would laugh to scorn the silly notion that only one man, and that her husband, should rejoice in her loveliness. In a crowded theatre she bares her neck and arms, her shoulders, her bust, for the delectation of 'Arry in the gallery, and, perhaps, for the jealousy and baser imitation of Arriet. If she has a gift that way, she will dance a breakdown at semi-public theatricals, and she is generally mad about drawing-room recitations or the theatre. She makes a book on the Derby, and besieges her "dear boys" for straight tips. Possibly she breeds dogs, and she knows more about foals and fillies than she does about babes and children. If she is "earnest" she visits hospitals and the slums. Maiden as she is, she knows to the last line all the hideous vice which abounds in large cities. She has her favourites among the unfortunates, whom she visits in their homes as well as in their hospitals; and she receives their confidences with sympathy and without horror. If to earnestness she adds energy and consequent dissatisfaction with her home life, she makes

herself a doctor, a hospital nurse, or a missionary. If these professions do not suit her, she opens a shop and plays at shopkeeping till she has danced into the Court of Bankruptcy; any place rather than home, anything rather than the home life, any exercise of virtue rather than that respect for authority, that attention to duty, that modesty of habit, and that patient, sweet, and tranquil unselfishness which used to be the distinctive characteristics of the sex. She has thrown off all these restraints of sex, and is now the close copy of the brother she dominates; of the lover she accepts or rejects on the basis of his fortune only; of the mashers at whom she laughs; of those with whom she walks. The two objects of her ambition are—to have plenty of "oof," no matter by what means, and to be as much like a man as it is possible for a woman to make herself. Between Emancipated Dolly and sweet Mistress Dorothy, which is the more beautiful? and which best fulfils her natural destiny?

THE REDEMPTION OF GERALD ROSECOURT.

BY HARRY PAINE.

From the Journal of Gerald Rosecourt, Mus. B.Sc., Organist of St. Andrew's, Bardon, Yorkshire.

CHAPTER V.

July 2.—I have just come back from dinner at the Vicarage. The whole solution can be put in a very few words—George Remyer is very much in love with Cecily Fane, and Cecily Fane hates him for it. He has changed a good deal; his easy laziness has vanished completely. He is an enthusiast in his profession, is alert and eager—almost feverish. He is a perfect mine of out-of-the-way information; admires the old church very much, and seared the vicar by telling him that he believed the tower to be unsafe. He enlightened me on the construction of church organs, and almost succeeded in interesting Cecily with information about precious gems. He talked brilliantly and learnedly, yet naturally. I had no idea that he would ever develop so far. His sister, a pale, straw-coloured woman, has an obvious admiration for him. He does his utmost to attract Cecily, and hardly conceals his devotion. For that matter, Cecily seems to have considerable trouble to conceal her dislike. In one point—his personal appearance—he has not changed at all. He is still ugly, although he has remarkably fine, rather magnetic eyes. It seems a pity that Cecily should refuse a man who is certainly clever and, I think, good, merely because he is not handsome. She does not see many men in the village, and there is no eligible man here whose income and position are as good as Remyer's. He watched me carefully, almost jealously, although I have no wish to interfere with his chances with Cecily. I have St. Cecilia.

I had some talk with Remyer after dinner. The vicar was called away on some parish business, and until we went back to the drawing-room we two were left alone. We talked over old school-days.

"It was on my last journey back from school," he said, "that I practically decided upon my profession. You were in the carriage with me, and I was reading 'Les Amours d'un Interne.' I believe it was that which set me thinking about medicine; before that, I had always intended to be an author. You were in the carriage with me, and you wanted to drink brandy."

"I remember," I said. "I thought it would be a swaggar thing to do."

"And you don't even drink wine now." He glanced at my empty glass. "You used to be great at music even in those days. Do you remember the house concert?"

We talked about them, about the masters of the school, about our escapades, about quaint old characters in the village. School ties and associations last, if the school is worth anything.

There was a lull in the conversation for a second, and then he suddenly turned upon me with the hesitation of a fresh, personal subject in his eyes.

"You have seen a good deal of Cecily Fane, I suppose?"

"I have," I answered.

"And—what do you think of her?"

"She is good—almost noble. One has the reverence for her that one has for a child. She is, apparently, beginning to be more than a child in some ways now. She is making perplexing discoveries about herself. She has some little talent for music."

"I know nothing about the music. For the rest, I am inclined to agree with you. Rosecourt," he added, after a pause, "may I ask you a plain question?"

I knew what his question would be very well. "To—on," I said.

"Are you in love with Cecily Fane?"

"Not in the least, and never shall be. I need not return that question."

"Not if you have average powers of observation." He seemed a little irritated, and flicked the ash from his cigarette with an impatient gesture. "Anyone can conjecture from a manner; doctors can conjecture from—other things as well."

He seemed to speak meaningfully, and an irritated man always irritates me. "Indeed?" I said. "Let us go into the drawing-room, shall we?" But I cannot keep up my irritation for more than a moment. "I wish you all success, anyhow," I added as I opened the door. It was strange, perhaps, that we two, who had not seen one another for years, should have spoken of so intimate and personal a subject; but we had been at school together.

Before my redemption my interests were entirely taken up with my own trouble. Now I am interested in others; I wonder if Remyer knows that Cecily hates him? I believe he half suspects it. And I think he will tell her of it. He has a blind belief in his own powers, I fancy, although he never allows himself any display of vanity. It is strange that that memorable railway journey should have been a crisis in his life. It was a crisis in mine also. I do not think he would have asked me that question about any woman but Cecily; where she is concerned, his judgment fails him. He seems to have powers, originality, knowledge; but in his love-affair he touches very common ground. We are all commonplace when we are in love.

I wish that I had seen my saint last night. It is hard to let even one day pass without seeing her. To-morrow will be Sunday, and after the evening service is over I shall go on playing. Then I shall see my saint, and for a long time we will talk together. Her voice is perfect music, and it is restful to be with her; she is my redemption and my consolation. Willingly I am dedicated to her.

July 3.—I have just returned from the church. After service was over, I went on playing for about an hour. But I saw and heard nothing. It made me very despondent, and I had for a moment begun to think that my saint would never come back to me. I put out the lights at the organ, and walked down the aisle to the west end of the church. When Johnson opened the porch door, a faint glimmer shone into the place under the tower where the ringers stand. And there for one moment I saw Saint Cecilia. She was always pale, but to-night her face seemed dead white; there were tears in her eyes; her hands were stretched out towards me, and her lips moved as though she were saying something, but I could not hear what she said. In a moment she vanished. I wonder why she stood under the tower to-night? It was always at the other end of the church that she appeared to me before. I wish I knew what she had been intending to say to me!

July 5.—I was again at the church last night, but to no purpose. I must be patient, and my saint will come back to me.

To-day rather a terrible thing has happened. I feel guilty somehow, although I never had the least intention of doing any harm. I never suspected until to-day that any harm was done. Poor little Cecily Fane! I am afraid that I know the truth about her now.

To-day is Tuesday, and on Tuesdays I give Cecily Fane an organ lesson. I noticed at the church that she looked very tired and ill; there were dark lines under her eyes. She told me that she had not slept very well. After the lesson, she asked me to play something to her, and I played something of my own which she has always liked. She was sitting on the oak seat where St. Cecilia sat on the first night that I saw her. When I looked round, at the conclusion of the piece, I saw that she had turned very pale. Her eyes, which had been wide and staring, closed suddenly, and her body slumped forward. I was just in time to catch her as she fell; she had fainted. The faint lasted only for a minute, and while Johnson was gone to fetch some water she came to. For a moment or two she was very hysterical, and said things. It would be too shameful to write them down even in my diary. When she had quite recovered, she did not know that she had ever said them—I feel quite sure of that. But I heard them, and I think that it would be better for Cecily Fane if I left this place. It would be hard for her at first, but she would forget me. I cannot love her, and I cannot wrong her by pretending to love her. In a certain way, I have always been fond of her—much as one would be fond of a child—and I hate the idea of being cruel to her. At least—so I gather from what she said when she was hysterical—I need not reproach myself with deception. She knows that I do not love her.

If it were not for St. Cecilia, I would go away, but I cannot leave my saint. She is more to me than any woman could be to her lover. She is necessary to me, and I must see her and speak with her. To-morrow night, I think, she will come to me.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW DRAMATIC CRITIC.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

It is high time that arch-procrastinator, the Coming Dramatist, manifested himself in our midst. He has no excuse for further delay. We have an Independent Theatre, at which, if the actor-managers reject him, he is sure to find a hearing; and we have a critic capable of appreciating and interpreting him. Mr. A. B. Walkley's little book of "Playhouse Impressions" (T. Fisher Unwin) is, in my eyes, the most convincing evidence we have yet had of the vitality of the theatrical art in England. The drama is clearly in no hopeless plight when it can interest, and in great measure absorb, a man of Mr. Walkley's mental calibre—when it can supply the major part of the grist for his intellectual mill. Since George Henry Lewes, no such accomplished man of letters has treated of the theatre. Lewes, to be sure, with his multiform interests and activities, was more than a mere man of letters; but as a man of letters Mr. Walkley is no less than his peer. And Lewes, though he was at one time theatre-mad in a sense quite foreign to Mr. Walkley's temperament, made only a thin book out of his theatrical essays of more than twenty years; and that thin book contained long disquisitions on the French and Spanish theatres, with scarcely a single allusion to the living English drama. It was called, indeed, "On Actors and the Art of Acting"; whereas Mr. Walkley's book, the well-winnowed harvest of some three or four years at most, might rather be called "On Playwrights and the Art of Playwriting." It may be objected that Mr. Walkley is a specialist, a theatrical critic by profession, while Lewes occupied himself with the theatre only casually and intermittently. "But that," as Mr. Terry says in "In Chancery," "is just what I want to be at!" Despite his love of the stage, it was not worth Lewes's while to make himself a theatrical specialist; the theatre in his time did not possess sufficient vitality to keep his mind continuously employed. Now, on the other hand, it keeps Mr. Walkley's alert and sensitive intelligence in constant occupation. He is able, without overstraining his ingenuity, to bring it into more or less intimate relation with the larger intellectual life of the day. And though he writes acutely on acting—witness his papers on Coquelin, Chaumont, Sarah Bernhardt, and Mr. Irving—it is the literature of the stage that chiefly concerns him. True, it is not always the native English drama of which he treats, but always the drama as acted, and that on the London stage. Whence it ensues that during the years 1889, 1890, and 1891 theatrical life has, in one way or another, been reasonably worth living, even for a man of intellect and culture. It has inspired Mr. Walkley with this delightful and stimulating book; if any of us have found it barren, the defect must lie in ourselves, not in the acted drama. The Drama (if the personification be permissible) may point in triumph to Mr. Walkley's volume, and say to the Superior Person (adapting Dr. Johnson's phrase), "Sir, I am bound to offer you 'impressions.' I am not bound to find you in brains to receive them."

Some of Mr. Walkley's critics seem to have assumed too hastily that because he follows M. Jules Lemaitre in placing the word "Impressions" on his title-page, he is therefore an "impressionist" critic, and the pioneer, so far as England is concerned, of a new method. I am not sure, indeed, that Mr. Walkley himself does not cherish some such illusion. In his prefatory note, at any rate, he takes pains to draw a distinction between the judicial or dogmatic method and his own. Now, as I hold that all criticism is but dogma, disguised (or undisguised), I shall at least be consistent in dogmatically asserting Mr. Walkley that his criticisms are every bit as judicial as M. Surcouf's or Mr. Clement Scott's, and that his originality lies in his manner, not in his method. The phrase "impressionist criticism" suggests a false analogy. "Impressionism" in art, I take it, is the method by which the painter seeks to set down on canvas the very picture impressed on his retina, eliminating all inferential knowledge, and relying solely upon immediate vision. A thicket in a wintry landscape appears to him merely as a brown blur, and though he knows that this effect is produced by the interlacing of a myriad boughs, twigs, and tendrils, he dismisses this knowledge from his thoughts and tries to put on record the smooth brown blur he sees. No such method as this can be applied in criticism, by Mr. Walkley or anyone else. Criticism is not and cannot be representation; it is and must be comprehension and comparison. Its business is to decompose the brown blur and present a persuasive estimate of its rightness as representation, its charm as decoration. All critics are impressionists, in so far as their impressions are the raw material, so to speak, of their art; but the strict impressionist—the writer who should confine himself to recording his impressions with no attempt at analysis or exposition—would, at the same time, be the most intolerable of dogmatists. Some so-called critics, it is true, have no impressions of their own, and merely record the impressions of others, or those which they think their editors and readers will expect of them; but it can scarcely be in contradistinction to these journalistic automata that Mr. Walkley claims to rank as an impressionist. The fact is that he, like the rest of us, spends his life in seeking out specious periphrases for the simple phrases "I like or approve this," "I dislike or disapprove that." He is as judicial as any critic alive; he passes judgments, and supports them by analysis and argument; but he happens to possess a peculiar knack of gracefully disguising his dogmatism. His judgments are exceptionally enlightened, being based on a wide preliminary knowledge of the history and philosophy of dramatic art, combined with singularly alert perception and open-minded receptivity. Moreover, they are expressed with easy, unemphatic urbanity, and are often insinuated, as it were, in an ingeniously humorous travesty. But a judge is none the less a judge because he happens to be well informed, penetrating, unprejudiced, and witty. Nor is he the less a judge because he does not shrink from reversing his own judgments on appeal. If it be impressionism to have the courage of your moods, and say what you think to-day, though you may yesterday have said and thought the reverse, then certainly Mr. Walkley is an impressionist; but so is everyone whose intelligence has escaped petrification. No! the distinctive feature of Mr. Walkley's criticism is not its method but its style. He treats of the stage with knowledge and insight in plenty, but, above all, with a charm peculiarly his own. If we could imagine Mr. Andrew Lang miraculously endowed with similar knowledge and insight—converted, that is to say, into a theatrical specialist—he might write a book as dainty and delightful as these "Impressions"; but in order to outdo them he would have to outdo himself. "And I can't say no fairer nor that."



STAINED-GLASS WINDOW GIVEN BY THE QUEEN TO THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT GRASSE.

A stained-glass window is now being erected in the English Church at Grasse, the gift of her Majesty the Queen, as a memorial of her visit last year. It contains figures of St. John the Baptist, St. George of England, and St. John the Evangelist. The royal monogram and arms are displayed in the lower portion, with the following inscription: "To the glory of God, and in remembrance of her visit, the gift of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, 1891." The window is the one below the nave, nearest to the east end. This work has been executed by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, of Garrick Street, London, artists in stained glass, under the superintendence of Mr. R. Holmes, the Queen's Librarian, who supplied the designs.

A FORTHCOMING BOOK ON POTTERY.

The offer to the public of still another volume* in connection with English ceramics may perhaps call for an apology for its production. The volumes of Jewitt, Chaffers, Solon, and Church afford all the information needful for forming the judgment and guiding the taste of the student or collector, and the present venture in no respect attempts to rival their exhaustive treatises. But it does aim at supplementing them by hitherto unpublished representations of the most interesting examples of the ware, and by a fairly complete catalogue of all those pieces of early English pottery which tell us anything about themselves, as to when they were made, or where, or by whom, or for whom. The illustrations, some hundred and seventy-five in number, will be found of great service in differentiating the various types; and the facsimiles of the quaint inscriptions will in many cases assist the collector in the ascription of dates to undated pieces, while the uninitiated will have an opportunity never hitherto afforded of obtaining a general idea of the appearance of the best specimens of the ceramic art of our forefathers. The four illustrations here given—chosen somewhat at random—may serve, perhaps, to some extent, to illustrate one or two of the most salient types.

No. 1, an illustration of a very interesting specimen in the British Museum, is a four-handled posset-pot, with a cover in the shape of a crown, quaintly inscribed with a date and the



A FOUR-HANDLED POSSET-POT, 1714.

name of her for whom it was made: MARY PARVISH, HER POT. 1714. This piece belongs emphatically to the most fascinating of all the classes with which we deal—namely, that which tells in some measure its own story by the inscription which it bears, and yet affords material for a variety of romantic conjectures as to identity of the person by whom and for whom it was made. Quite apart from the decoration, the legends have often a value of their own. One which recurs, perhaps, more frequently than others—THE BEST IS NOT TOO GOOD FOR YOU (with varying initials and date)—gives ground for numerous surmises. First, nothing might be too good either in the way of vessel or liquor for her beloved of the potter himself; or, on the other hand, no liquor might be thought too good to fill the successfully decorated pot withal; or, perhaps, no masterpiece in the way of pottery be thought worthy to contain some highly prized October. A considerable number of pieces bear names of the gentler sex, and were evidently intended as gifts, thus: "Ann Draper, this cup I made for you, and so no more. I. W. 1707"; "Margeri Nash"; "Mary Smith, her Cup," and many others; while some present legends of a very different and more practical kind, such as: "Brisk be to the Med you desier as her love you ma require," "Drink and wellcome, Sir," "Bee Merry and Wise."

The next illustration represents a piece whose interest arises more, perhaps, from its rarity and the richness of its colouring than from any special importance attached to its inscription: "I. E., 1710." It is one of the very few remaining specimens of a decorative ware produced at Wrotham, in Kent, where there existed at one time a pottery of considerable importance, the picturesque remains of which are still to be seen. The initials I. E., which recur so frequently upon



A SPECIMEN OF KENTISH WARE.

* Examples of Early English Pottery, Named, Dated, and Inscribed. By John Elliot Hodgkin, F.S.A., and Edith Hodgkin, Richmond-on-Thames.



"GEORGE WARD MADE THIS CUP."

examples of this ware, may perhaps have reference to John Evelyn (cousin of the diarist), who owned the site of this manufactory. The next specimen, which is reproduced from my own collection, is a very desirable one, not only on account of its fine shape, colouring, and preservation, but also for the quaint motto which encircles the upper portion of the pot in three bands. The legend runs thus: GEORGE WARD MADE THIS CUP AND SO NO MORE BUT GOD BLESS THE QUEEN AND ALL HER PARLINE—the potter having miscalculated his space and been compelled to bring his loyal sentiments to an abrupt conclusion without completing the final word. But, without doubt, in a list of some 685 pieces, of which but a very small part may be considered sufficiently commonplace to merit the designation uninteresting, by far the most interesting and important is that which is here presented as the last illustration, and is reproduced in colours as the frontispiece to the volume.

A large circular plate of Lambeth delft of a pale-green glaze of unusual shade: in the centre may be seen two male figures dressed in the costume of the end of Charles the Second's reign, supporting on their hands the nude figure of female twins, joined by a ligament from the centre of their bodies. A legend running round the inner rim of the plate is in the following words: "BEHOULD TO PARSONS THAT ARE RECONSILD TO ROB THE PARENTS AND TO KEEP THE CHILD," and at their feet: "HEARE IS GAIN O THE BROOM." Want of space forbids the recital here of the whole history which this plate commemorates; a brief digest may, perhaps, be permissible. We learn from a contemporary writer that in the year 1680 there was born at a place called Ile Brewers, in the county of Somerset, a double child, or rather two perfect



PLATE OF LAMBETH DELFT.

female children, united by a fold of skin down one side of each. This monstrous birth excited enormous interest at the time. In accordance with the prevalent superstitious tendencies of the day, it was generally considered an omen of impending evil, and was noted by a writer of that date as a portent and forerunner of trouble and misfortune. The event, however, represented in this plate was not the birth of the children, but their subsequent unhappy fate, brought about by the two men upon whose hands they are standing. The identity of these two "parsons" (persons) has been well established; one of them being a certain Captain Walrond, J.P., of Walrond Park, in the county of Somerset, and the other a Sir Edward Phelps or Phillips, of Montacute, in the same county. These two worthies, in order to replenish their failing purses, laid hands upon this twin child or children (whose names, by-the-by, we may mention were Aquila and Priscilla) "to make a show of them for money, and kept them till they died, to their great shame and dishonour in the county, for which they were presented in the Crown Office." To the keen collector, the interest attaching to such a piece as this can hardly be equalled. In nearly all the specimens which we have enumerated the story or romance is left almost entirely to the imagination, whereas in this instance, though from the plate itself we might have guessed much of what really took place, we are able, beyond the shadow of a doubt, to ascertain that the little history of cruelty and wrong herein depicted was a verified fact, and not the outcome of some potter's lively imagination or malice. I have noticed, with much interest, that Mr. Besant, in his novel entitled "For Faith and Freedom" (a story of Monmouth's rebellion), has alluded to this strange birth, and made his heroine record it as an event portending coming ills.

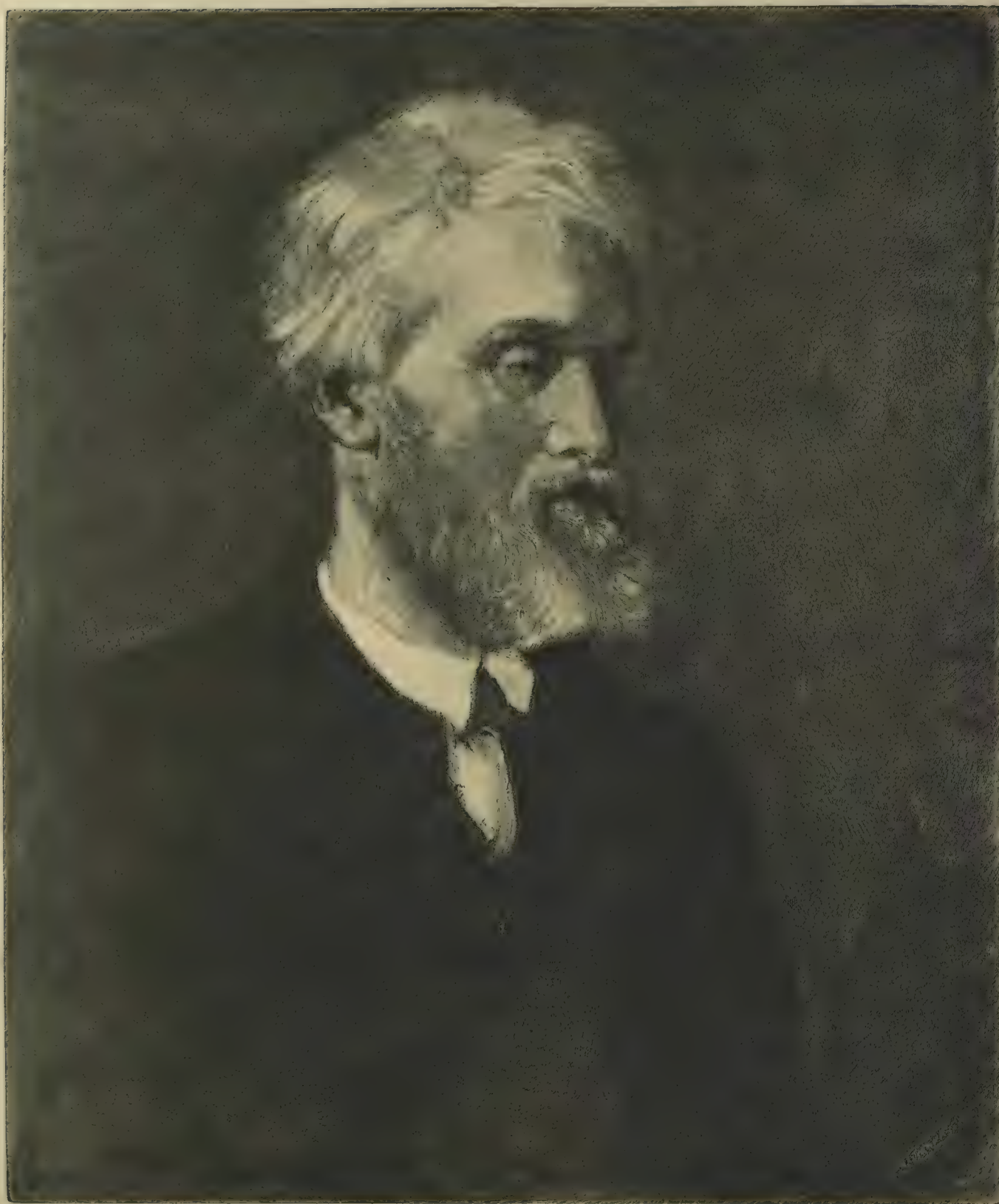
J. E. HODGKINS.

A MOURNING CITY.

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN BUTCHER.

On July 23 last I stood in the square of the Abdin Palace and saw the fire make havoc of the harem apartments and offices of the huge building, the Buckingham Palace of Cairo. The origin of that fire was never very clearly explained, and now the prophets of ill are declaring that they always regarded it as a sinister omen, and that for months they have been convinced that some great calamity impended over the Khedivial family. Foreseen or unforeseen, the blow has fallen, and Egypt has met with a terrible loss. Mohammed Tewfik, grandson of Ibrahim and son of Ismail, the friend of his people and the loyal ally of England, died at Helouan in the evening of Jan. 7. He was taken away in the midst of health and vigour, at the early age of thirty-nine, having reigned scarcely twelve years. The city of Cairo, usually in mid-winter so bright and bustling, a veritable African Paris, was bowed down with genuine sorrow, and for one day at least—the day of the funeral of the late Viceroy—presented an appearance of a mourning city which can never be forgotten. Of course, when Orientals lament they do not lament like Western folk. A mourning city in Europe or America presents us with a general impression of black. In Asia and Africa the gaiety of colour continues, and the tints are as various as on a birthday festival. The sky, so often in Europe and especially in England in harmony with the gloom of a funeral pageant, was on the day of the Khedive's burial bright and blue and cloudless. Where, then, were signs of sorrow visible? In every Eastern face—from that of the Prime Minister to that of the humblest water-seller who plied his trade among the crowd. There was no mistake as to the depth and genuineness of the sorrow.

The body of the late Viceroy of Egypt was brought by train from the newly built health resort of Helouan, and borne to the palace of Abdin, in Cairo. About noon the officials began to collect, and at two the long street of Abdin and the numerous places where a view could be obtained were thronged with Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Levantines, representatives of the mixed population of the capital. The very first creatures that appeared in the show carried the thoughts back far beyond the date of the Arab conquest to the days of the Pharaohs. These were a group of eight bullocks to be sacrificed at the tomb. The blood of bulls is shed in Egypt on all great occasions of high solemnity, whether joyous or sorrowful. Next to the bullocks were twelve camels with Arabs mounted upon them. On the camels' backs were slung large boxes full of loaves of bread, and these the riders scattered freely right and left to the poor among the crowd. Then came water-carts to lay the dust, and next the long, and apparently endless, lines of flags. The Bible phrase, "Terrible as an army with banners," is illustrated in the vast numbers of flags of pale green, dark green, and black, on tall poles, that were borne by guilds of dervishes, not here one and there another, but in close and clustered array. The men who carried them were richly dressed, and moved at a slow and steady pace. Then came figures familiar to every tourist. These were those strange and grotesque enthusiasts, the howling and dancing dervishes, whose wild religious exercises supply, as a shrewd observer once remarked to me, "a chapter of religious history to be read only once." Nothing could be more marked than the contrast afforded by these wild figures and the long line of European employés of the Government which followed. These men gathered from many nations, French, Syrians, Copts, Armenians, and English, wore the ugly Stambouli black frock, resembling a clerical coat, and had on their heads the inevitable red fez or tarboosh. Next came the representatives of the Egypt of the future, the pupils of the various schools and colleges. The recent development of education in the country has been a promising sign, and the long lines of youths who followed their masters showed how largely the Government schools are attended. The judges of the various tribunals came next, and then, blazing with decorations, the Consuls-General, in their full diplomatic uniforms. Prominent among them was the representative of the Queen, Sir Evelyn Baring. Then followed the high Ministers of State, all of course, in European dress, or rather in the Stambouli uniform coat. The eye had become accustomed to the black coats, and we had for a few moments lost the impression that we were witnessing an Oriental ceremonial; then, as if by a turn of the kaleidoscope, we are transported to the world of Islam, as the sheikhs and ulamas, the heads of the Mohammedan faith and the embodiments of the spirit of the Koran, moved along. Grave men, most of them, with snow-white beards, vested in robes of superb silk, many of them wearing the Order of the Osmanli, this band of "potent, grave, and reverend signiors" move along. Then the silence is almost oppressive, the cries of wailing women cease, and the simple bier is borne aloft. This open, lidless coffin of plain, rough wood differs nothing from the bier of the ordinary peasant. The shawl that covers it is richly embroidered, we are told, but it seems simple, and the only mark to distinguish the bier of Tewfik, Khedive, from that of an ordinary citizen is the green silk cordon of the Osmanieh, or High Order of the Sultan. The men of the household, the old servants with tear-stained faces, follow, and a guard of police on white horses close the long procession, which has taken one hour and a quarter to pass one spot. It moves on through streets lined with Egyptian and English soldiers, and goes to the Gama-el-Hasanen, the favourite mosque of the Khedive. There the service is read, and then most of the Europeans retire. The body is to be laid in a new tomb at Afeefee, far away in the desert, not far from the tombs of the Khalifs. Here the scene was solemn and picturesque beyond description. The sand-hills were covered with a crowd costumed in various colours and looking like beds of flowers. The women collected around in groups, the bullocks were killed, the sheikhs entered the tomb, and the body was laid uncoffined in its resting-place. When the crowd of men had slowly and reluctantly withdrawn, the widowed Vice-queen left her carriage and entered the enclosure. It was sunset ere she quitted the spot and drove to her favourite place at Kouhah, embowered in trees, and within sight of the rose-granite obelisk which marks the departed glories of Heliopolis. This is a faint outline of what the spectator saw on the saddest day that Egypt has known for many a year. Those who recollect the accession of Mohammed Tewfik to his father's throne in 1879 bear testimony to the contrast of feeling exhibited by the people. Then nobody cared. They had no hope that there would be any change for the better. One ruler had followed another for a long series of years—some had been milder of mood than others, but the position of the fellahs had not materially changed. Now there was indeed an expression of genuine regret. The Khedive had made his own position and had associated himself with nothing but what was good. He had by his simplicity, courage, and sympathy made for himself a home in the hearts and affections of the people. Let us hope that his young son, Abbas the Second, will copy his father's virtues, and that the Egyptians may feel "Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds."



THOMAS CARLYLE.

PORTRAIT BY G. F. WATTS, R.A., IN THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION.

A DIVIDED PAIR

by Mrs. Oliphant.

CHAPTER I.

TO leave his wife at the church door! The newspapers would describe it as a romance in real life, an incident for a novel, the subject of a play, everything that a man would least like his marriage to be: the most vulgar romance in the world, a sort of thing which would almost justify a man in taking up another romantic rôle—the rôle of the bridegroom-villain, who does not appear at all, even at the church door, but insults the pale bride by exposing her to all the comments and the pity of her friends. Nothing but romance, anyhow, confound it! Maurice Mostyn was not a man who could afford to be romantic. It is the last thing that commends itself to a man who is in Society, yet is by no means sovereign in Society. There are people who can carry that sort of thing off. It does not much matter, for instance, what a young duke does, or how much he gets himself talked about. Probably he never knows of it up in the sublime regions where he lives: probably he rather likes it, as a homage to his position, and a proof how great the general interest is in dukes. Nor does it at all matter to a millionaire struggling into standing ground, whose romantic story will call attention and rouse people to a consciousness of his name. But romance is fatal to a young man with just a young man's position and no more, who is asked out to the best houses but only as one among a crowd, yet whom everybody knows, in that curious completeness of knowledge which is proper to Society—everything about him—and who is called familiarly by his christian name by some thousands of people. A romantic story about such a man runs far and wide. It flies through the clubs, it penetrates to the very heights of the service to which he belongs—civil or military: it probably goes even to Windsor, and is remembered there for ever. What a fool a fellow must be to get himself talked of like that! people say. And yet what could the unfortunate man do?

He was a man attached to the Foreign Office, but not, in the sprightly way of attachéship or even clerkship. He was one of the far more important but less dazzling persons who are sent off to the ends of the world on private missions, who burrow into the diplomacy of Russia, or of the Oriental Powers, who know all about things that nobody else knows, and are familiar with the secret intrigues of potentates with whose very names the



There was nothing for it, after all, but that ridiculous parting by the church door.



Lady Somerville scattered her locks to the wind, and old Sir Matthew sat for days together and growled.

rest of the world is unacquainted. He could talk his way to the Great Wall of China, people said, and, perhaps, farther than that. He could turn himself into a Persian, or a Circassian, or a Bedouin, and the race to which he thus joined himself at a moment's notice would never find the imposture out. It was imposture, it is true, but, as it was in the service of his country, this never troubled Mostyn's conscience. He was the kind of man of whom such stories are easy to believe—a man who, though he was an unmistakable English gentleman, was scorched and dried into a sort of desert colour, the colour of the endless sands and yellow rocks, no colour at all, you might say, and yet a high tone when compared with the pale faces of the drawing-rooms. He was a man whom the sun had dried and scorched, and whose eyes had the watchful, ever-attentive look of one who has often carried his life in his hand, and whose keen outlook, while scorning even the faintest intimation of danger, was his chief defence. That he should have fallen in love with little Sybil Somerville in her first season was wonderful enough; yet not so wonderful—for to a man out of the desert what could be so attractive as that little dainty creature, all bloom and freshness like a flower?—as that she should have fallen in love with him, rather than with one of the curled darlings so much more like herself who surrounded her, and to whom old Somerville's daughter and only child was very well worth looking after, however highly placed they might be. When it was found that Sybil would have no one but that sand-coloured Foreign Office man, whom many people called "the Arab," there was much gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair in Grosvenor Place. It was, to tell the truth, Sybil herself who was most energetic about it: for the thought of her money overwhelmed Mostyn. He did not mind a little money with the woman he

was going to marry. It would be so much better for herself on the frequent occasions when he would have to leave her, in pursuance of his arduous and not too well remunerated profession. But he was overawed by the great fortune that was at little Sybil's back, and declared openly that he never would have allowed himself to think of her had he known in time. But she had set her heart upon him as something entirely out of the common, and though Lady Somerville scattered her locks to the wind (it was so easy to buy a more becoming front at Truefitt's, any day), and old Sir Matthew sat for days together and growled, and would speak to no one, yet the girl had her way. It was known that Mostyn was under orders to proceed to the end of the world in a very short time, which at the last was what sweetened the bitter pill to her father and mother. The child would have her gorgeous wedding, would receive her innumerable presents, and go off on her honeymoon, and enjoy herself or not as might be. And then she would come back to her parents, and the husband would be swept off into the unseen, and possibly never come back again to trouble anybody. That is always on the cards when a man is sent into the mysterious East. And, accordingly, the wedding-day was fixed at last. She knew she would have to part with him in a shorter or longer time, as the Foreign Office should ordain. And he knew that he would have to go and leave her, but not—good heavens!—not on the wedding-day!

The poor fellow had for the moment a sort of access of madness when he got the dispatch—the day before the wedding! He would not go. He would throw up everything—service of the country, orders of the F.O., hopes of advancement—everything! He would not be ordered off like a slave, taken out of his place like a horse, discharged like a canton, without any will



When he got to the gate, fear, and the flutter of an almost desperate hope, got the better of him.

of his— But soon this fever fit went off, leaving him cold. Without the F.O. he was nothing—a younger son, without either money or place in the world; whereas Mostyn of the Foreign Office was a man who was known, a celebrity in his way, acknowledged to be one of the best men in the service. It was his chief defence against the appalling wealth of these Somerville people. If he were to throw it up he would be at their mercy. And it was his profession, which a man cannot give up. Slowly he recomposed himself to the dreadful necessity, sent out a servant as keen and almost as experienced as himself to secure at a few hours' notice, as can always be done in London, an outfit very different from the bridegroom's trappings which that functionary had been packing so neatly. And then he set out for Grosvenor Place, to break the terrible news—turning over and over in his mind one of the plans of desperation which had seized hold upon him. Surely there would be human feeling enough in their hearts to let her go with him as far as Vienna—as far as Constantinople, where he might have to wait a few days—surely, surely they would do something to prevent the odious publicity and lathos and ridicule of that parting at the church door! I don't say that it was the ridicule only he felt. He felt bitterly the parting, the horrible disappointment, the festival of life turned into a mockery and misery; but the last element of all was the insupportable laughter which he knew would mingle with everybody's pity. Surely they would feel, even for Sybil's sake if not for his, that this must not be!

He went in with such a face of misery that he scarcely needed to tell his tale and show his telegram.

"Start to-morrow—to-morrow!" both the ladies cried, Sybil in a flutter of changing colour from white to red, her mother purple with indignation. The girl clasped her arms round his, and leaned upon him, laying her head against his arm, half-fainting. Lady Somerville raved, and all but swore. "Leave to-morrow—leave Sybil—leave my daughter at the church door!" Her voice grew choked at last in the vehemence of her passion. She spoke as if he did it on purpose, by way of a studied insult to her.

"I have come to throw myself on your mercy," he said. "Let her go with me, Lady Somerville! Let me take her as far as Constantinople! I know it's a great thing to ask, but I may have to wait there for instructions—one never can tell. They may be all ready, or I may have to await them. Everything will be comfortable. I have to spend a day and a night in Vienna, and she wouldn't mind the journey! You won't mind the journey, would you, Sybil, with me? It is our only chance," he cried, "to avoid this horrible tragedy-comedy of parting at the church door!"

"Is that all you are thinking of?" cried the unreasonable mother, who had just herself been insisting upon it with all the heat of fury.

"Would you like me to tell you all I am thinking of?" said Mostyn, whose passion of disappointment and mortification and wounded love and balked hope was stronger even than hers. "Let me have this little alleviation, and I will be grateful to you all my life."

"Do you mean to take my daughter to—Timbuctoo, or wherever you are going, Mr. Mostyn, to perish among savages? Is that what you dare to propose to me? Perhaps that was what you meant all the time—to carry my Sybil off into the desert, where I should never hear of her again!"

"Oh! Mamma," cried Sybil in remonstrance, still holding fast by her bridegroom's arm.

"I have told you what I mean," said Mostyn, keeping his temper with an effort—"to take her with me as far as Constantinople. It is not such an alarming journey—there

are *trains de luxe* and all that. I have to stop at Vienna for information, then at Constantinople, perhaps to wait there till my instructions are complete. It is the best time for travelling now, in the spring, it will not be too hot. There is nothing to be afraid of in the journey. Sybil, you would come, wouldn't you? I could take you up the Bosphorus—it is the most lovely place in the world."

"And après, Mr. Mostyn?" said the mother.

They looked at each other for a moment, two enemies facing each other before the battle began.

"Après? if you did not take her with you into the desert—you mean to leave Sybil, my child, to return from that outlandish place alone?"

It was on Mostyn's lips to ask what difference it made to the facts that it was *her* child upon whom this fate had fallen: but he restrained himself. "There is nothing impossible in it," he said, "with her good maid, and every arrangement made for her comfort. Many ladies do it. And I could send Rumbold with her, who knows every step of the way."

"Rumbold! your servant! to bring back my daughter, who has never done anything for herself, never needed to take a railway ticket or order a carriage, or?"

"I assure you, Lady Somerville, there is nobody better qualified to take the charge of all that than Rumbold!"

"Perhaps to act as her companion too," cried the mother, furious. And then, carried beyond herself by her passion, she appealed to heaven and earth whether she had not always been sure that there would be some accident of this kind—always known, when Sir Matthew gave his consent in spite of all she could say, that it would turn out badly, and her poor child be forsaken. Poor little Sybil's cries of "Mamma, mamma!" which was all she could oppose to this storm, were of little effect; and

the silence of Mostyn, who let it all pour forth without any reply, aggravated the rage which of all things in the world could bear silent opposition least. And Sir Matthew, startled by the sound, came in; and he took upon himself an air of virtuous indignation which was still more hard to bear than his wife's rage, treating the whole matter as a wilful device on the part of Mostyn to embarrass the family and put them to shame.

"What object could you have in forcing us to all these preparations, to all the expense and fuss, in order to turn upon us at the last moment?" cried the old gentleman.

"If I had any object," cried Mostyn in reply, "it could only be to make myself very unhappy and very ridiculous, which was not very likely to be my aim."

Sir Matthew stared for a moment, and then asked with scorn what his unhappiness mattered?

"Your unhappiness! Look at that child, and look at her mother; and all our habits interfered with, and our engagements disturbed, and the house turned upside down. I'll tell you what, Sir," cried the old gentleman, "since you think so little of interfering with our arrangements, I'll cut the knot for you. There shall be no wedding at all! It's better to break it off at the last moment than to have a wife that's no wife thrown back on our hands, and all the talk that will get up. My lady," he cried out, "go to your desk this moment, and write to all those people that there will be no wedding, and the marriage is broken off!"

Angry as Lady Somerville was, however, she did not go so far as this. A marriage broken off the day before the wedding is a very serious thing. To describe how the day went on, in a succession of furious and aggrieved discussions, would be very unnecessary, even if there were room for it—which there is not. Sybil alone gave her bridegroom a strong but silent support. She said little—poor little thing!—except now and then a cry of "Papa! papa!" or "Mamma! mamma!" when things were at their hottest. She stood holding Mostyn's arm with both her own—holding him fast, saying nothing even to him. She was so young, so shy, so little accustomed to hold her own, which had been given to her without contention all her life. It astonished her more than words can say to find herself the subject of such red-hot controversies. But I need not say that every moment spent in discussion made it more and more impossible that the wedding, all arranged for to-morrow, the bishop who was to perform it, the Princess who was to be present, the fashionable mob which had sent presents and arranged all its engagements so as to be there, rustling in silk and satin, or with white waistcoats and gardenias, could be put off, or still worse, broken off. The presents themselves would have been an enormous difficulty. "What should we do with them?" said Lady Somerville to her husband. "That lovely thing the Princess gave her; and all the lists made up for the newspapers, with everybody's names—printed by this time, and can't be recalled! Besides, the talk it would make! And there is really nothing against him; and we knew that this appointment was hanging over his head. And if he were to be driven in despair, as he partly threatened, to give up the service!"

"What does it matter to me if he gives up the service? Do you think I will give my daughter to a man who is nothing and has nothing, a mere burden on our hands?"

"I knew you would think that," said Lady Somerville, adroitly. "His Foreign Office connection is really the only thing—and one never knows what it may come to. I would not hear of giving it up."

There is nothing so effectual in restoring an angry woman to her reason as for her husband to lose his. I do not know if

it tells *vice versa*; but, when Sir Matthew began to vapour about "my daughter," Lady Somerville saw that it was absurd—as if the fact that Sybil was his daughter could have anything to do with the sending away of her bridegroom. But neither of them was accessible to reason upon the one point for which Mostyn pleaded till the last moment. That Sybil, a bride of eighteen, should make her way back from Constantinople alone—even if it had been possible to allow her to be spirited away there, such a tremendous journey—was a thing that neither father nor mother would hear of. In charge of Rumbold and her maid! The thing was out of the question, however true it might be that Rumbold knew every step of the way and that Mostyn's wife might travel like a princess, glorified by her husband's name. There was nothing for it, after all, but that ridiculous parting by the church door.

CHAPTER II.

Mostyn was a little more than a year away. He had accomplished a most difficult mission, and covered himself with glory. I decline to mention what that mission was: the secrets of the Foreign Office are safe in my hands. What savage potentates he mastered—what subtle, half-completed treaties with other Powers he discovered and made waste-paper of, are things with which the present writer and reader have nothing to do. On his way home, at last, more scorched, more dried up by desert winds and burned by tropical suns than ever, he fell ill at Vienna, and lay there for a long time unable to convey any news of himself to the outer world. It is true, of course, that his illness was known at the Embassy, and the news conveyed to the Foreign Office: from whence it crept into the newspapers; but it was not sent to Sir Matthew Somerville; and, as the family was now in the country, it happened that a long time elapsed, and no news of her husband reached Sybil. There had been but few letters all the time, as may be readily supposed; but to know that he must now be within the circle of civilisation, and to hear nothing, was hard. When he was able to write, his letter was not kept from her—the father and mother, whatever their schemes might be, did not descend to the meanness of intercepting letters, though they did conceal from her the news of his illness, which they themselves were aware of through the medium aforesaid of the papers. It rankled in Sybil's mind very much that he should have been about three weeks in Vienna, as it turned out, without writing to her—for, naturally, when he did write he made as light of his illness as possible; and it gave poor Mostyn in his convalescence a heavy heart to think that they must have known he was ill, and that it never came



They followed him to the door in the impudence of their triumph, driving him forth. He turned on the threshold to launch his last defiance.



The knot was cut by Sybil, who came striding in with hesitating steps.

into his wife's mind so much as to think of coming to nurse her husband. Thus there was a cloud upon both when the time of his return came. She did not even come to London to meet him, which surely, surely she might have done; but awaited his arrival in the country, in the north, a day's journey from town, and where he could not go till he had delivered his report to the Foreign Office, and communicated all the information that was wanted. As soon as this was done, Mostyn left London by the first train, full of an eagerness modified by alarm and anxiety. Not even a letter from Sybil in town, only one from Sir Matthew to say that he would be expected by the train he had mentioned. Why did not Sybil write? His wife, bearing his name, yet waiting coldly in the depths of the country, not even sending him a word of welcome! There was not even a carriage to meet him at the station, which, however, was one of those mistakes which occasionally happen just in the nick of time, to aggravate everything without intention on the part of anyone principally concerned. This gave Mostyn's hopes almost the last blow. He asked

himself what they could mean, what Sybil could mean, as he drove along the country road in the gig which was all he could find at the little rural station. He had been almost certain that, at least, she would come to meet him there.

When he got to the gate, fear, and the flutter of an almost desperate hope, got the better of him. He put off the crisis a little by dismissing his gig there. Rumbold was coming with his baggage by a later train, that baggage which was made weighty by so many rare and curious things which he had picked up for his wife. Would she have them, now that they were here? He dismissed the gig, and walked up the avenue, his heart sick with eagerness and anxiety and pain. To see Sybil with an averted face was, he felt, almost more than he could bear.

And here an incident occurred which does not tell for very much in the story of Mostyn's trouble, but which at first sight seemed to do so, and was of the nature of an incident in a novel. There were some wonderful old holly hedges at Sir Matthew Somerville's place, of which the family was very

proud, and at the upper end of the avenue one of these hedges separated from it the old-fashioned flower-garden. It was so thick and so high that nothing was visible on the other side, but it did not impede the passage of sound; and poor Mostyn started as if he had been shot, and came to a sudden pause, as he heard on the other side Sybil's voice. His wife's voice—which he had last heard pronouncing the vows which were to have made them one—the soft little tones, so young, almost childish, in contrast with all the rude voices of alien life amid which he had been since—affected him more than any roar of warfare could have done. To think that those little musical tones might reject him, defy him, was impossible—it was impossible! They were made for nothing but sweetness, for gentle words and assent. But she was talking to someone: another voice mingled with hers, and it was the voice of a man. Some fellow was walking with her in the garden. If Mostyn had been armed, as he had been for most of the past twelvemonth, with pistols at his belt, I doubt whether, fresh as he was from savage life, that fellow would have been safe.

"So you are expecting your wanderer—immediately, I expect," said the fellow, who seemed to be walking slowly, very slowly, by Sybil's side.

"In about an hour," she said, with a tremble in her voice. "The carriage was to go for him at five."

This gave Mostyn a scarcely perceptible gleam of comfort, as showing that there had been a mistake.

"Are you very nervous, Sybil?"

Sybil! He called her by her Christian name!

"Oh, nervous!" she cried. "Is that the word? I am more, far more than nervous—I am torn in two!"

"The parents are always as determined as ever? But it will be a dreadful thing for you to be a party to a lawsuit—and of such a kind!"

"They say it will all be private, and no scandal. Oh, if that were all! But to break my vow—to be unfaithful—to abandon him when perhaps he is weak—when he has just come home—when perhaps he expects something so different! Oh, why didn't he write to me from Vienna!—then I could have believed that he cared for me still!"

"But he was ill at Vienna!"

"A man does not get ill in a moment—he can write a word or line to his wife first. He can make somebody telegraph—to say 'come.'"

"How could he?" said the fellow, who, after all, did not seem an enemy. "They would not have let you go. How could you have gone?"

"With Elizabeth. I could go anywhere with Elizabeth. She says she is sure—quite sure—we could have managed perfectly well. But what is the use of speaking of that, when he did not want me—never asked me, never wrote or sent a word at all!"

"I don't think it can have been his fault."

"Mamma thinks it means simply that he cares for me no more, and that it will be no shock to him, that it will be a relief to be free—to go off wherever he likes. But Elizabeth—there is nobody, nobody in all the house that ever says a word for him but Elizabeth. And what am I to do? How am I to see him, and hear them tell him?"

"But it is you, after all, who must decide."

"How can I go against them?" Sybil cried. "And why didn't he write to me from Vienna? Then I might have had something to say."

The listener scarcely made out these last words, which were said as the pair turned down another of the garden walks. He stood for a moment almost paralysed, yet ready to shout out his explanation—to tell it to the whole silent world around him. How could he have written from Vienna, when he had almost died? And what—what were they plotting against him? He stood still for a moment in his consternation, and then hurried on. The avenue took a long round before it reached the house, and seemed to mock him with its turns and twistings. And when he got to the door at last, he was met by a strange servant, who did not know him, and demanded his name. Mostyn pushed past in impatience into the open hall.

"I want Mrs. Mostyn," he said. "Where is Mrs. Mostyn? Be so good as to let her know at once that her husband is here."

"Mrs. Mostyn, Sir," the servant faltered, looking with an alarmed eye at this resolute and imperious man. "Her Ladyship is in the drawing-room." He had got his orders, but he was evidently somewhat afraid of carrying them out.

"Tell my wife I am here."

"If you please, Sir, her Ladyship and Sir Matthew"—

A young man here came forward from the end of the hall.

"My cousin's just gone upstairs," he said. "I'll see she's sent for at once. They didn't expect you so soon. I've no right to speak, I know," he added. "But, if you're Mostyn, I advise you to go in and have it out with them at once."

The stare with which this wanderer of the wilds regarded the golden youth who had been all this time at Sybil's ear was fierce for a moment, but it melted before the good feeling in the young man's face. He turned to follow the footman with an impatience he did not attempt to conceal.

"I say," said the young man in his ear, in a whisper, "however badly things may look, don't forget her heart's with you, all the same."

It was the only word of encouragement he had heard since his return. He put out his hand and gave the other a grip which I think that young man never forgot all his life. And then he marched in to meet the foe.

They were seated in grim expectancy on either side of the fire—it was October, and already cold in the north country—Sir Matthew in a great chair, a sort of throne of judgment, her ladyship opposite, much more upright, but more comfortable. She busily rose to receive her son-in-law, the old gentleman stood in front of his chair. Not a step was made to meet him, not a word of welcome said. "We expected you to arrive," said Sir Matthew, "by the five train—the carriage was to go. Don't you think I had better ring, my dear, and countermand it, now Mr. Mostyn's here?"

"I hope you are not much fatigued by your journey," Lady Somerville said.

"I am as you see me," said Mostyn, "and you will understand that I am most anxious to see my wife."

"Three weeks in Vienna and two days in London don't look like such very great anxiety, Mr. Mostyn."

"Is it possible you don't know? I nearly died in Vienna, and in London I had my report to make to my chiefs. It would have been no great stretch of kindness to have brought Sybil to meet me there."

"It is a stretch I would never make—to a man who married my daughter only to abandon her!"—



"Maurice! it is me!"

"Hush, Sir Matthew, for goodness' sake!" said his wife. "Mr. Mostyn, there is a great deal to be said between us, before we come to that."

"I don't know what is to be said. I want Sybil," he said. "I want my wife."

"It does not look as if you wanted her very much, when you have left her so long, and for weeks and months, without a word."

He gave her one of those fierce looks which his desert habits had taught him, and then, without a word, went to the bell and rang it violently.

"How dare you, Sir," cried Sir Matthew, "ring the bell in my house?"

The answer came with such suspicious haste that the



This honeymoon pair were halfway to town before it was known in Somerville Hall that Sybil was not crying in her room.

servant must have been very close at hand: and it was the butler this time, important but obsequious, and more interested and excited than any butler has a right to be.

"Tell Mrs. Mostyn that her husband is here and waiting for her," said Mostyn in imperious tones.

"Tell my daughter nothing of the kind," said Sir Matthew in shrill rage. "Nobody shall give orders to my servants but myself!"

The knot was cut by Sybil, who came stealing in with hesitating steps, flushed and frightened. She gave a cry—was it welcome, was it fear?—at the sight of him, and then looked at her mother with anxious eyes. Mostyn, as may be supposed,

did not leave her much time for hesitation. He made but one stride to her, and seized his wife in his arms. If it was something like taking possession by capture, that was not his fault; and surely the captive was not unwilling? It is a little hard upon father and mother to see their only child engulfed in a man's arms, swallowed up by him, even though he is her husband. And for that moment I feel a little sympathy with the elder pair.

"Sybil!" her mother cried, with a voice that rang through everything—and "Let go my daughter, Sir!" shouted Sir Matthew, as he had never shouted before in his life.

But neither of the others made any reply.

How many minutes passed before Lady Somerville managed to extricate her daughter from that embrace, and Sir Matthew, within a very short distance of a fit of apoplexy, secured the attention of his son-in-law, it would be difficult to say. Such minutes seem long in the passing. Lady Somerville at last drew Sybil away. "You will have the decency to allow that she is best out of the room while we speak to you."

"There is neither decency nor indecency involved that I know of," Mostyn said; but he neither did nor could resist. He saw the young cousin who was friendly, outside the door, and he heard Lady Somerville ask, "Where is Elizabeth? Let Elizabeth come instantly! My daughter wants Elizabeth," before the closing of the door shut her out from his eyes. He did not in the least know who Elizabeth was, but he had the sensation of another friend outside, and his heart rose.

He had need, indeed, of something to encourage him, for the intimation which Sybil's father and mother made to him was no less than that they had already begun a suit for nullity of marriage in the Scotch courts. Their house was a few miles over the Border, so that this was open to them. I need not describe the behaviour of Mostyn at such a tremendous moment. He was as violent, as furious in his indignation, as defiant as a man could be; but there is no space here to describe the struggle which raged for an hour or two within that inappropriate battlefield. In the end, of course, he was vanquished for the moment; and his demand to see Sybil, if but for a moment—if only to say good-bye—which sank into a prayer before he turned away, met nothing but the sternest negative.

"You should not have seen her at all, had we had our will," Lady Somerville said.

The unfortunate husband was helpless in the house that was not his. They followed him to the door in the impudence of their triumph, driving him forth. He turned on the threshold to launch his last defiance.

"You speak of your daughter," he cried, "as if that was her only distinction; and yet you will subject your daughter to all that exposure, to the publicity, to the indignity!"

"There will be neither. The case will be heard with closed doors!"

"Not if it is fought step by step," cried Mostyn, "as it shall be to my last shilling and my last breath—and no mercy to the losers, which you will be! And recollect this!" he cried, not without some satisfaction in the sight of an audience of furtive heads behind, "that I will not shrink either from law or force, or fraud, if necessary, to get back my wife." Thus saying, he turned from the hostile door, and, leaving a violent, yet in their hearts somewhat frightened, foe behind, rushed out into the night.

It was by this time dark, with that depth of darkness which only exists among woods. He plunged along, scarcely seeing where he went, not caring—indifferent to the miles of distance between him and the railway to which he must make his way, he did not know how, but in such a turmoil of feeling, such rage, such sense of injustice, and sickness of hope deferred, such longing for his little love whom he had seen but for a moment, and held in his arms only to have her torn from him! He did not blame her at all, or even say to himself that she ought to have stood by him, being his wife. He acquitted her entirely. And by this time there gleamed across his mind a ray of comfort in a name—not her name, not Sybil, but Elizabeth. Elizabeth! Who was Elizabeth? He had not an idea, but he said the name over to himself like a spell. When he was halfway down the avenue he met a noisy country hackney coach coming up laden with luggage, in which was Humboldt; and stopped it and got in, grateful for the relief. What he said to his astonished servant I do not know, but the heavily laden vehicle turned slowly, with some effort, on the not very wide road. Mostyn had sunk into a corner, indifferent to everything, chewing the cud of his very bitter fancies, while this operation was performed. And he was very impatient when Humboldt from outside let down the window with some statement to make. "What is it?" he said, almost angrily.

"It is two—persons, Sir, who have stopped the cab," Humboldt said.

"Two persons? What do you mean? Ride them down! Drive over them!" cried the fierce envoy from the East.

But the next moment he was out of the cab, with a suppressed outcry that rang all through the woods. "Oh! hush, hush!" said two voices together. And then one said, breathless, "Maurice! it is me! Elizabeth said!"

But what Elizabeth said was never known: for in another minute Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn were tearing (metaphorically—cab horse dragging fire people and a quantity of luggage does not tear along, though it made noise enough)—tearing, I repeat, through the shocked yet delighted air which made echoes of every jingle of the harness and joggle of the badly fitting windows, with Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn within, and Humboldt trying hard to make nothing of himself in order to leave a place beside the driver for the maid. For Elizabeth was Mrs. Mostyn's maid.

And this honeymoon pair were halfway to town before it was known in Somerville Hall that Sybil was not crying in her room, with the maid by her side administering sed volatile to soothe her. I think, for my own part, that the young cousin, whose fingers were still bloodless with Mostyn's grip, had a strong idea what Elizabeth had said, and where Sybil was.



"There's fennel for you, and columbines."

OPHELIA.

THE GREAT MARQUIS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Abhorred, and very justly, for his treachery and cruelty, above all men living," was Mr. Hallam's verdict on the great Marquis of Montrose. How far will politics carry a respectable Whig, and how keenly men felt seventy years ago about historical persons who are not now likely to excite angry passions! Among the many little biographies, good, bad, or indifferent, which have been disrespectfully styled the tinned meat of the intellectual life, Mr. Mowbray Morris's volume on Montrose (Macmillan) seems so excellent as to place it among books of sterling and permanent merit. It is learned, impartial, sober, where there was every temptation to be picturesque, and it is only too succinct. Yet it leaves us melancholy. It justifies that saying of Mark Napier's that "the triumph of Presbyterian claims to a lawless dominion, and of fanatical pretensions to divine authority, is a condition of the Church incompatible with the very existence of a Christian community." Or, rather, it suggests a various reading, that Presbyterian claims to a lawless dominion and royal claims to a divine supremacy are alike incompatible with the idea of a Christian State. For, with whatever prepossessions we begin Montrose's history, whether we agree, in the start, with Mr. Hallam, or whether we liken him to "one of Plutarch's men," we are tempted at last, with Scott, "to hate most the party which happens to be uppermost for the moment." One is left with a sense of the waste of qualities, of courage, of loyalty to an impossible ideal, of devotion to an impossible cause. The Covenant was an historical anachronism: modern society could not possibly conform to what never was real, the ideal of the Hebrew prophets. The Stuarts, again, were a race not to be borne, a family who sacrificed their noblest followers to the casual exigencies of the political moment. The divine right of kings, the divine claims of the Covenant were equally preposterous; but men had no choice. They massacred and were massacred for metaphysical and theological absurdities; were as cruel as they were brave for the sake of intangible abstractions, and played for the fortunes of peoples and of individuals at a mere blind game of chance. Nor is there the least reason to believe that the world has become any wiser. Blood will be shed to the end, and happiness will be wasted, for notions as ghostlike, for hopes as incapable of being realised, as the theocracy of the Cameronians, or the divinity of Charles II. It is the lot of Montrose to point this melancholy and unprofitable moral.

Born about 1612, Montrose inherited one of Scotland's oldest and noblest names. He was educated at St. Andrews, where his medal, as winner of the archery prize, still hangs on the silver arrow, and where he rode and played golf, and, no doubt, studied more or less. He married at seventeen, he travelled on the Continent; he returned in 1636, to find politics at exploding point. Charles had vexed the nobles by placing prelates among the powerful, that old quarrel between the King and the aristocracy. He had irritated the people by having any dealings with prelates at all. Why the Scotch, beyond all races of the Reformation, so hated Catholicism, it is not easy to understand. But this was their temper, and they spoke of the Book of Common Prayer as "The Mystery of Iniquity." So Charles had succeeded in uniting against him the noblesse and the multitude—an alliance which the noblesse were singularly ill-advised in joining. Whether annoyed by some coldness on Charles's part, or merely ambitious, or honestly convinced that his countrymen were right, we can never know; but Montrose joined the Covenant of 1633; he made himself conspicuous, on a cask at Edinburgh Cross, among its partisans; he subscribed no less than twenty-five dollars to its funds; he wrangled at the General Assembly; he invented the True Blue colours of the Covenant; he defeated the Royalists at Aberdeen, and then he had a meeting with Charles at Berwick. What passed is not known; but one has very little doubt that Charles did what all the Stuarts could do—he bewitched his opponent. This one mysterious gift they all possessed; indeed, it is not dead with them, and they bewitch us still against our reason, from the tomb that lies under Canova's monument in Rome.

From this hour Montrose was suspected by the Covenanters, and perhaps deserved to be suspected. Moreover, his rivalry with "gleyed Argyll" had begun. That unlucky nobleman squinted, and perhaps had no great share of military courage, though he cocked his hat as he walked to the scaffold, and declared that, having the heart to die either like a Roman or a Christian, he preferred to die in the latter character. More like a Mohawk than either a Christian or a respectable Roman, Argyll burned "the Bonny House o' Airlie," and laid Badenoch waste from Lochaber to Braemar, whereby he felt himself in a position to accuse Montrose of leniency to the enemies of the Covenant. Montrose afterwards convinced Argyll that he was not always lenient by sacking all the Campbell country from Ben Nevis to Inveraray. Indeed, if Montrose later broke with the Covenant, after being the first of its soldiers to cross the Tweed and invade England, one may explain his conduct almost as much by his hatred of "gleyed Argyll" as by his love of Charles. These are the influences which always have dominated, and always will dominate, politics. Sides will be changed, personal enmities will be governing motives, both parties will bandy charges of treachery, both parties will be justified in doing so; both will be equally guilty, equally cruel. Man is a baby, and will be a baby to the end of the chapter.

The Revolution ran its normal course. The Covenanters, who had begun with professions of loyalty, soon found themselves in arms against the King. Now, Montrose had probably never desired to go this length; he also suspected Argyll of aiming at a dictatorship, the last thing that he was likely to endure who wrote—

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore dislaine
A rival on my throne.

While still in the camp of the Covenanters, Montrose had

communications with the King. A bond was signed, and the secret was let out by one of the signatories in the delirium of a fever. There was a later letter to Charles, and Montrose "must needs talk of it" to some Covenanting ministers, of all people. For a treacherous person, he had the worst knack of keeping his own counsel. He not only talked openly everywhere, but he kept writing letters. Politicians and ladies and the criminal classes should never write. Argyll came to know of all these intrigues, and Montrose frankly avowed that they were aimed at Argyll. Montrose was put in prison. The King had come to Edinburgh, and Montrose endeavoured to communicate with him again. He had to unmask a traitor and a plot. Then there was confusion and alarms. Argyll, Hamilton, and Lanark fled from Edinburgh, their consciences either condemning them or they suspecting that the plot was aimed against themselves. It is impossible now to be certain which alternative is right. Clarendon has two stories. By one Montrose meant to assassinate Argyll and Hamilton, by the other he meant to warn Charles against a plot of theirs. The truth is unknown. The Civil War broke out, and, trusted by neither side, Montrose stood apart. It certainly was not easy for anyone to trust him. The Covenanters approached him, through the Moderator of the General Assembly, but he could not trust them. Then English Puritans and Scotch Presbyterians fused their forces in the Solemn League and Covenant (1643). Montrose now took his side definitely, and never afterwards wavered. He met the King at Oxford. He rode northward to raise the Highlanders, and, riding almost alone in the disguise of a groom, he crossed the Border. All the Lowlands were in arms against the King; in the South the Parliament was victorious. Montrose's forlorn chance was to raise the Highlanders, a people then on about the level of Zulu civilisation, though far worse organised as soldiers. One day, on the hills of his own country, he met a man bearing the fiery cross. A band of wild Irish, under Alister McDonald of Colonsay, had landed in the interests of King Charles. Montrose appealed to the Athole Highlanders, who were just on the point of fighting the Irish kerne, and in command of these ragged forces he began the romance of his life. He was a great soldier, an impossible statesman. It was as if we had a civil war now, and as if some Royalist general, at the head of a Zulu impi and a couple of regiments of Madendowa Arabs, were defeating our regulars, militia-men, and volunteers. Montrose's rude followers could march like Zulus, could live on as little as the Arabs. At Tippermuir and Brig o' Dee the Covenanters found their Isandhlwana and their Mafikand. But if the Irish and the Highlanders could fight like Zulus, they also plundered and massacred like savages. Montrose, in anger at an act of treachery, gave up Aberdeen to a three-days' sack. Women and children were violated and butchered. We may remember Badajoz, a shame as crying, but we cannot marvel



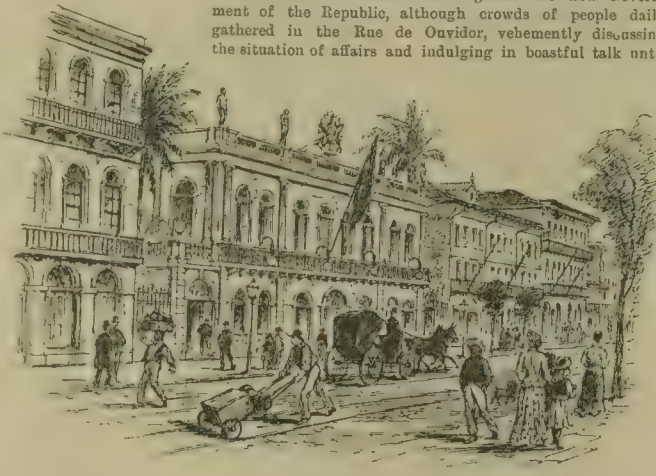
THE SENATE HOUSE, RIO DE JANEIRO.

or greatly exclaim against the massacre of prisoners by the Covenanters after Philiphaugh. The Irish, especially, were savages fighting in a comparatively civilised country. They could not expect quarter any more than the Sepoy mutineers, and they did not get it, nor did their leaguer ladies. Thanks to his astonishing generalship and the marching powers of the Highlanders, and thanks to the clerical commanders of the Covenant, Montrose, after Kilsyth, had Scotland at his feet. Then the old story began of jealousies and desertions among the Celts. Trying to join the King's forces on the border, Montrose was surprised at Philiphaugh, on the Ettrick, caught napping, and, in spite of his valour, put to rout.

I remember a dagger found on the field, which Sir John Murray of Philiphaugh had in his collection. It always, as he said, seemed dank with blood. Montrose was allowed to withdraw to the Continent, was betrayed by Charles II. into a last wild effort to "conquer Scotland" from the Orkneys, was defeated, captured, and hanged, going gallantly to his death, and in his last solemn words declaring his faith in Charles II.: "He deals justly with all men. In nothing that he promises will he fail." Yet Charles had abandoned him with a duplicity singular even in a Stuart. Assuredly Montrose was rather "a knight errant of the Middle Ages" than a modern politician. Yet, wildly romantic as is the legend of Montrose, it yields in strange charm to the story of his heart, which may be told on another day.

THE REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL.

The position and prospects of the Brazilian Republic, styled the "Republic of the United States of Brazil," since the overthrow of the late President, Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca, early in November last, could not but excite some anxiety in Europe among those interested in the commerce and finances of that great South American country. Our Special Artist Mr. Melton Prior was immediately dispatched from London to furnish illustrations of any remarkable incidents that might take place either in the capital, the city of Rio de Janeiro, or in the southern provinces, San Paulo and Rio Grande do Sul, where opposition to the government of the new President, Marshal Floriano Peixoto, was already threatened. It was on Dec. 8 that our Special Artist landed at Rio, and found, during his sojourn in that city, which he left on Dec. 21, that there was no fear of a revolt there against the new Government of the Republic, although crowds of people daily gathered in the Rue de Ouvidor, vehemently discussing the situation of affairs and indulging in boastful talk until



THE PRESIDENT'S MANSION, RIO DE JANEIRO.

they were dispersed by the police. The news of the death of the late Emperor, Dom Pedro de Alcantara, which occurred in those days in Paris, failed to arouse public sympathy in Brazil, though personally his character had been deemed worthy of esteem. The Republic was but three years old, and had experienced no very serious disasters in its infancy, while the national spirit was flattered by its speedy recognition on the part of foreign Powers, those of Europe and the United States of America, and the apprehensions of a secession either of the northern or the southern provinces had not been realised. At any rate, the metropolitan population in and about Rio de Janeiro seem to entertain strong confidence of the Union being able to withstand all separatist movements, and are generally hostile to a restoration of the monarchy in the person of the late Emperor's daughter, Princess Isabella, wife of the Comte d'Eu, one of the French Orleans princes, or of her son, who is under age. There is no immediate prospect of a civil war, but all will depend on the integrity and prudence of the Republican administration.

The harbour of Rio de Janeiro, though it vies with Sydney and the inland sea of Japan in beauty, is not the gate of paradise it appears at first sight, when entered from the sea. It is often covered by a heavy atmosphere, and its water receives the drainage of the town, causing much sickness and the dreaded yellow fever. Many people leave the town as soon as their day's work will permit; some by the ferry-boat to Petropolis, others to eminences less remote. Ships of all nations lie safely anchored in the bay: here may be seen the Brazilian Navy, which played a leading part in the late revolution. A scheme is in contemplation for a new quay in this harbour, to facilitate the loading and discharging of vessels. The scenery of the shores in this bay, with the imposing Sugarloaf Mountain, must always be admired.

The town is not so beautiful.

The Rue de Ouvidor is the main artery of traffic, displaying the whole of the business and fashion of Rio. It has not a grand effect. The lofty houses on each side of the narrow street protect it from the sun, vehicles are forbidden, and the crowd, early in the afternoon, renders it almost impassable.

Our Artist says that on Dec. 18 he met a regiment of troops parading the town previously to being drawn up at the Senate House, where the new Ministry were to hold their first meeting and receive a message from the new President. "The regiment was composed of mulattos and negroes, mixed indiscriminately; they wore their low helmets, held their rifles, and regulated their steps according to the individual fancy. It seemed an amusing attempt at soldiering; but the turn-out of the Ministers was equally funny. A carriage drawn by two very small mules was attended by two mounted police, whose peculiar manner of riding would lend one to imagine they would either descend over the horses' heads or would arrive at the end of their destination before the animals." Brazil, which now has its Republic, has had its Empire and its Court, but there is still a want of finish. We present also two other sketches at Rio de Janeiro, views of the Senate House and the President's official mansion.

THE LATE MR. C. H. SPURGEON.

Mr. Charles Haddon Spurgeon—he himself objected to the title of Reverend—the famous Baptist preacher, died on Sunday, Jan. 31, at Mentone, in the presence of his wife, his secretary, and two or three friends. His death had been long expected. For many years he had suffered periodically from congestion of the kidneys, complicated by gout. This had necessitated continual residence in sunnier climes, and we have long been accustomed to hear of Mr. Spurgeon one day at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, the centre of a thousand activities, and the next in the quietude of the Riviera. But to know the Spurgeon of these last years—active as they were—is to form a very inadequate idea of the

near Newmarket. Even as a boy preacher—he was still little over sixteen—his racy style took exceedingly, that style which has been made familiar even to those who do not read his sermons by "John Ploughman's Talk" and numerous more or less apocryphal anecdotes. In the villages around Cambridge he was always sure of an attentive audience, and at length he was offered the pastorate of the little Baptist chapel at Waterbeach. Thence he went to London to take charge of the New Park Street Baptist Chapel in Southwark.

a change which surprised none so much as the young Cambridgeshire preacher himself. When, one day in 1833, he opened the letter inviting him to come to London, he thought that it must be intended for some other person. In London his success was assured. The Park Street Chapel was crowded, and the fame of the young pastor was spread abroad. It was at this time that

he printed his first sermon, entitled "Is it not Wheat Harvest To-day?" It was the forerunner of between two and three thousand printed discourses, which have been translated into many languages, and circulated by millions all over the globe. Of some of these sermons over 100,000 copies have been sold. Meanwhile, young Spurgeon's popularity was increasing, and overflow services took place at the Surrey Music Hall, at more than one of which Lord Chief Justice Campbell was a listener. In 1856 he was married to a daughter of Dr. Alexander Fletcher, a marriage which proved a singularly happy one. Twin boys, Charles and Thomas Spurgeon, are the only issue of the marriage.

In 1859 Sir Morton Peto laid the foundation-stone of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and the church was opened in 1861. Although George Eliot did not find it so, a service at this church has been one of the most impressive of all experiences in the lives of many men and women, whatever their creed. From four to five thousand people crowded the floor and galleries, and the entire absence of architectural beauty tends to give more than usual emphasis to this mass of humanity. The preacher came upon the platform, and, whether it was the volume of singing or the wonderfully resonant voice of the orator, the effect was in every way remarkable. But not eloquent preaching alone has marked Mr. Spurgeon's work at the Tabernacle. Through his agency there have been erected Orphan Homes at Stockwell with a regular annual expenditure of £11,000, Schools and Almshouses, a Colportage Society which has indefatigably distributed religious books throughout the towns and villages of England, and there is the Pastors' College, an institution which had already furnished about 200 pastors and missionaries to the Baptist community. In addition to these there are some fifty mission stations and ragged and Sunday schools in connection with



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

THE LATE MR. C. H. SPURGEON.

the chapel. When one turns to Mr. Spurgeon's individual literary work his energy is still more striking. In addition to sermons published under the title of "The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," his "Treasury of David," in seven large volumes, has had a world-wide success, and so also have his "Lectures to My Students," of which it is said that one of the bishops of the Established Church makes a point of asking candidates for orders if they have read them. There are few homes in English Nonconformity which do not contain copies of Mr. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning" and "Evening by Evening"—volumes of daily readings at family prayers; but the greatest of all his literary successes is "John Ploughman's Talk," of which some 400,000 copies have been sold, and of which the racy humour, the vigorous unconventional common-sense, have given the author an audience which his sermons never could have touched. His last contribution to literature was contained in "Memories of Stambourne," by Benjamin Beddow, to which a few months ago he added some personal remarks on "My Grandfather's County."

It was in his marvellous command of simple and idiomatic English that much of the strength of both his preaching and writing will be found. He had read the Puritan fathers in boyhood, and, above all, he had read the Bible as few are able to read it, with a grasp of its style which must have made him a successful author had he not been, first and foremost, a successful orator.

But it is not upon his "success" that the writer of Mr. Spurgeon's biography will care most to dwell. It is upon his boundless energy in doing good, his activity according to his light in all great philanthropies—in which he had



MR. SPURGEON'S BIRTHPLACE, AS IT APPEARED IN 1834.

immense energy and power of the greatest of modern Nonconformists.

Mr. Spurgeon was born on June 19, 1834, at Kelvedon, in Essex. Many are the stories told by loving friends of his infant precocity, all of them tending to mark him out as a worker for Christ. "When I was a young child staying with my grandfather," he once told his hearers, "there came to preach in the village Mr. Knill, who had been a missionary at St. Petersburg, and a mighty preacher of the gospel. . . . Then, in the presence of them all, Mr. Knill took me on his knee and said, 'This child will one day preach the gospel and he will preach it to great multitudes.'"

For four years he was at school at Colchester, and thence he went to a college at Maidstone; but "education," in the academic sense, had never any attraction for him; or, at any rate, his attitude towards it is shown by an anecdote which, in order of time, belongs to a little later date. "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not," were words which accosted the young man in an open Bible when he went to consult Dr. Angus as to the desirability of a college course. Little dreaming that he was but imitating the pagans of old in their treatment of Virgil, he left the house determined that, come what might, college life was not for him.

Earlier than this he had inclinations towards Scepticism, and he has told the story of his "conversion" in that simple direct English in which he has been unapproached since Bunyan.

"There was an evil hour," he says, "in which I dipped the anchor of my faith; I cut the cable of my belief; I no longer moored myself by the coast of Revelation; I allowed my vessel to drift before the wind, and thus started on the voyage of infidelity. I said to Reason, Be thou my captain; I said to my own brain, Be thou my rudder, and I started on my mad voyage."

Early in life Spurgeon joined the Baptists—he had been brought up among the Independents—and in 1851 was publicly baptised in a river at Isleham, a village



THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.



WESTWOOD, MR. SPURGEON'S HOME AT NORWOOD.

a staunch supporter in the good Lord Shaftesbury—and in his ever-genial kindness alike in health and in sickness. Nonconformity has suffered an irreparable loss; and that he has outlived the enmity which his at one time crude and virulent antagonism to the Church of England not unnaturally involved him was proved by the fact that the Archbishop of Canterbury and more than one other great ecclesiastic of the Established Church were callers during his last long illness.



THE LATE MR. SPURGEON: THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.



ONE OF THE NEW MINISTRY GOING TO THE SENATE HOUSE, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



H.M.S. EDGAR, FIRST-CLASS TWIN-SCREW CRUISER.



THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA: PEASANTS TAKING THATCH FROM THE ROOFS TO FEED CATTLE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. A. SCHÖNBERG.

ART NOTES.

"Our holiday at Berck-sur-Mer," in which Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wyllie invite the visitors to the Fine Art Society's Gallery (145 New Bond Street) to take part, will be found in every respect enjoyable. We may not be able to get the invigorating effects of the "tide" for which, as inhabitants and visitors say, Berck stands pre-eminent; but, thanks to the artist, we obtain therefrom more glimpses of the daily life at this paradise for children, whilst to Mrs. Wyllie we are indebted for a catalogue, conceived in a thoroughly original form, which is at once a key to the pictures and a guide to the place. Mr. Wyllie has on numerous occasions given evidence of his appreciation of sea and coast scenery; but he has seldom had the opportunity of blending with it the holiday and workaday groups which during the months of July and August throng the sandy stretches among which Berck lies. The introduction of life and colour into scenes of which the background is variable, according to the painter's mood, is an opportunity for an artist who has at once a quick eye, a skilful hand, and sufficient judgment not to attempt too much at a time. These qualities are all to be found in Mr. Wyllie's sketches. They are full of sunlight, holiday happiness, and spontaneity. The sky, the sea, and the sand-dunes take fresh colours at every hour of the day, and each day differs from its forerunner in beauty. So with the children in their paddling clothes, the parents in their striped bathing costumes or afternoon lounging dresses; the shrimpers, men and women, and the fishermen and their wives in Sunday or week-day garb—every day brings fresh subjects worthy of the painter's skill, especially if, like Mr. Wyllie, he has thorough sympathy with French children and French adults, who can enjoy their holidays without the restraining self-consciousness of their brothers and sisters on this side of the Channel. There are thirty sketches also of Italy—from the Riviera down to Naples—but they will not compare for interest with the Berck series.

Messrs. Dowdells have, it must be admitted, provided a "variety" entertainment for their friends and visitors, and it will be hard if all cannot find something to admire and much to interest. The drawings of Venice by Signori Vizzotto and Mainella belong to a school of art which Pasini and Domenici first made popular. They are somewhat French in style, but thoroughly Italian in colour, and suggesting that the people represented are always making holiday in their best clothes, or in costumes borrowed for the occasion. As merely decorative works, in which careful drawing and delicate colouring are combined, these Venetian studies reflect great credit upon the taste and skill of their artists. We might even go farther, and say that there is scarcely one among the whole series that would not be a graceful adornment to a drawing-room or a boudoir.

The transition to Mr. E. M. Wimperis's Rustic and Riverside Sketches is somewhat abrupt. The heavy foliage and lush meadows of Cambridgeshire and Essex contrast too strongly with the sunlight arrangements to which the gardens and canals of Venice lend themselves. Mr. Wimperis, moreover, is too much tempted to let his thoughts and method run in one groove; and, although "sameness and lameness" may be the characteristics of the country which he paints, it is not the painter's province to accentuate these features too strongly.

Mr. Charles Sainton has made a fresh departure in his pictures of London street life and with singular insight has seized upon the best side of the "Street Arab." He does not come forward as his apologist, or use him to point a ghastly moral; but he takes him as he is—hungry, intelligent, un-washed, and untidy, but at the same time full of mischief and mother wit. He leaves the spectator to attach a story to each of his characters, whether from Seven Dials or Petticoat Lane, among the barges on the Thames or on the Downs at Epsom. Mr. Sainton's painting grows yearly in strength and precision; he attains fine results by broad ways, which, in his case at least, do not lead to destruction, for his intention, though subtle in meaning, is always clear in purpose and execution.

It is a matter for congratulation that the editors of the English edition of Perrot and Chipiez' "History of Ancient Art" have been encouraged to pursue their work to the end. The two last volumes have just appeared (London: Chapman and Hall; and New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son), one referring to those districts of Asia Minor known under the distinctive names of Phrygia, Lydia, Caria, and Lycia, the other to the wider subject of art in Persia. Of the Phrygians we know very little beyond what Herodotus says, that their cradle land was probably Thrace. They were essentially a nation of shepherds and husbandmen, and their worship centred round Cybele, the personification of the earth. The chief relics of her worship are to be found in the low range of mountains on the north side of the Gulf of Smyrna, now skirted by the Kassaba railway! This district, known as the Sipylos, comprised the royal city of Tantalus, of which the magnificence attracted the wrath or envy of their neighbours, and of which the fall doubtless gave rise to the myths of Tantalus and Niobe. Recent explorations have laid bare a number of buildings which were probably temples, and a few colossal figures cut on the rocks. The most important of these is the Midas monument, which the authors assign to the seventh or eighth century B.C., and the Kumbet ram, which is probably two or three centuries later. The Lydians represented a higher stage of art development, as shown by the ruins of the Acropolis at Sardis; and although Smyrna and Ephesus were, under Croesus, incorporated in the Lydian empire, it is not clear that the remains of buildings and statues discovered in these cities can lay claim to being specimens of Lydian art. They had too often changed masters, and were subjected to so many external influences that it would be strange if a people like the Lydians, who were described as "the first retailers" (*caravan*), were able to hold themselves aloof from foreign influence. The Persians, with its so-called sands of gold—the source of Croesus's wealth—was, in other words, a navigable river, of which the Lydians made ample use, and by its means developed a large carrying trade with their neighbours.

Of the Carians we learn but little from ancient writers, but the discoveries of Sir Charles Newton at Halicarnassus and elsewhere show to what a pitch they carried funeral architecture. No traces of rock or other sculpture have been discovered in Caria, but the valley of the Xanthos is one of the richest in sculptural remains, as our national collection shows. It is probable, too, that from Lycia, where Apollo was worshipped, the impetus was given to the more refined art which characterised the productions of the Greek islands, and subsequently of the Greek mainland. The present volumes deal only with the origin of ancient art, but so thoroughly that little is left unnoticed of the discoveries, theories, and conclusions of the archaeologists of all European countries. The translation is easy, and generally careful, but occasionally the French rendering of proper names has been allowed to remain when the English variation would sound more familiar.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, C.M.J. (Edinburgh). Your problem is good for a first attempt, but the discovered check is always an element of weakness in chess. For instance, the 1st at Q K 3rd move, there is a mate by Q to Q 4th as well as by moving the rook. We shall be glad to see your further communications.

R.A.G. (Castle Douglas).—The position is too crowded, and the play wants spirit. The carromen contain an surprise in the notes, and the construction is poor.

J. COPE (Waterford).—The problem is one of Loyd's, but is not so well known as some of his compositions.

SIGNOR ASPA (Lisbon).—Problem shall appear shortly.

R.K. (Edinburgh).—With pleasure.

F.N.M. (Croydon).—1. Q to K B 2nd, 2. K takes P, 3. Q to R 7th, anything, Q to Q 7th. Mate.

H.B.H. (Hampstead).—Any correct solutions that reach us are duly acknowledged.

P.L. SHORE. You will find the information in the standard treatises of the game. We have no space to quote it here.

MARTIN F. Your problem is hopelessly wrong. The R can check on two different squares, and mate follows in each case in two more moves.

I. WERN. The W.P. at Q 4th is placed there to prevent a second solution.

W.L. (Sheffield).—We have not got the solutions you require at hand.

G. DEX. White has two pawns more than his opponent and no inferiority of position. Under these circumstances, he ought, we think, to win.

R.S. SHANDRETH. 1. R to Q 2nd. Mate.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2479, 2542 received from De P.B. Bennie (Melbourne), C.A. 2490 from James Clark (Cheshire), of No. 2491 from J.W. Shaw (Montreal), Captain A. Challice (great Yarmouth), the Rev. W.L. Tucker, James Clark, C.M.J. (Edinburgh), Horace J. Kent (Cleaton), Emilio Frou (Lyon), J.W. Bunting, and W.E. Nickerson; of No. 2492 from M.A. Egge (Bedham), John G. Grant, C.M.J., Captain J. Challice, W. Henry Russell (Blackpool), and Henry J. of No. 2493 from the Rev. J. Grevin (Houlme-sur-mer), B.T. Hughes (Waterbury), Dr. E. W. Dyer (Jarrow-on-Tyne), Paula Fraut, W.E. Nickerson, Heterward, J.H. Bunting, John G. Grant, Monty J. D. Tucker (Leeds), B.D. Knox, W. Kellogg (Brighton), A.H. Brown (Glasgow), E.A. Greig, G. Stewart (Bradford), R. Worries (Canterbury), and T.G. Ware.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2494 received from T. Roberts, B.D. Knox, F. Foran (Dublin), C.E. Perin, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Snaithford, J.D. Tucker (Leeds), Heterward, Columbus, W.R. Ralston, Buel, Sorrento (Dawson), J. Grevin, J. Grevin (Houlme-sur-mer), B.T. Hughes (Waterbury), Dr. E. W. Dyer (Jarrow-on-Tyne), Paula Fraut, W.E. Nickerson, Heterward, J.H. Bunting, John G. Grant, Monty J. D. Tucker (Leeds), B.D. Knox, W. Kellogg (Brighton), A.H. Brown (Glasgow), E.A. Greig, G. Stewart (Bradford), R. Worries (Canterbury), and T.G. Ware.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2132.—By S.W. CASSELEY.

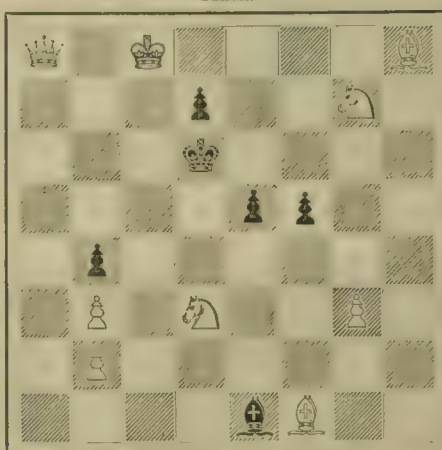
WHITE. 1. B to B 4th 2. Q to K 4th 3. Q, B, or Kt mate.

BLACK. R to Q 2nd Any move

If Black play 1. R to B 7th, 2. B to R 2nd (ch), and 3. Kt mate.

PROBLEM No. 2496.

By DR. E. MULLER.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HAVANA.

Fourth game in the match between MESSES, STEINITZ and TCHIGORIN. (Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	Kt to K 3rd	14. P takes P	Kt takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
3. R to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd	16. B to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	17. B to K 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd
5. P to B 3rd	P to K 3rd	18. B to K 2nd	Kt to R 3rd
6. Q Kt to Q 2nd	R to Kt 2nd	19. B to K 2nd	Kt to R 3rd
7. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	20. Q to B sq	
8. R to R 4th	Kt to Q 2nd	21. B to K 2nd	
9. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Q 4th	22. Q to B sq	
10. B to B 2nd	Kt to K 3rd	23. P to Q 4th	

The masterpiece of this Kt was its most valuable time and secured nothing in position. White's attack on the King's position is already menacing.

11. P to R 4th
 | 24. P to Q 4th | |

Played with strategic instinct, Black does not seem to realise till too late that his position is in any case not an easy one.

11. Kt to K 2nd
 | 25. P takes P | |

There surely must be something better on the board than this, looking at the deadly effect of the W.B. on Kt 3rd after the exchanges are made. At any rate,

12. P to R 5th
 | 26. P takes P | |

12. P to R 5th
 | 27. P takes P | |

13. P takes P
 | 28. P takes P | |

14. P takes P
 | 29. P takes P | |

15. P takes P
 | 30. P takes P | |

16. P takes P
 | 31. P takes P | |

17. P takes P
 | 32. P takes P | |

18. P takes P
 | 33. P takes P | |

19. P takes P
 | 34. P takes P | |

20. P takes P
 | 35. P takes P | |

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Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, W.

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

An immense variety of inexpensive articles, specially suitable for Wedding presents. Every intending purchaser should inspect this stock before deciding elsewhere, when the superiority in design and quality and the very moderate prices will be apparent.

HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY.

The Goldsmiths' Company's Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, on inspection of which is respectfully invited.

ORIENTAL PEARLS.

Choice string Pearl Necklaces, in single, double, or five rows, from £10 to £5000; also an immense variety of Pearl and Gold mounted Ornaments, suitable for Bridesmaids' and Bridal Presents.

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Some very choice specimens of fine Oriental Rubies at moderate prices.

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The Goldsmiths' Company undertake the Repair of all kinds of Jewellery and the Remounting of Family Jewels. Great attention is devoted to this branch of their business, and designs and estimates are furnished free of charge.

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A succession of Novelties by the Goldsmiths' Company's own artists and designers is constantly being produced.

CAUTION.—The Goldsmiths' Company regret to find that many of their Designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public.

They beg to notify that their only London retail address is 112, REGENT STREET, W.

WATCHES.—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver, most accurate timekeepers, at very moderate prices.

CLOCKS.—A large assortment, suitable for travelling or for the dining-room, drawing-room, &c., from 20s. to £100.

THE LARGEST AND CHOICEST STOCK OF DIAMOND ORNAMENTS IN THE WORLD.

The Times: "The Goldsmiths' Company's collection of Jewels, the moderate prices of which, combined with admirable taste and high quality, defies competition and deserves attentive examination."



Fine Diamond Horseshoe and Heart Brooch, £35.



Fine Diamond Horseshoe Brooch, £20.

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Fine Diamond Crescent Brooch, £25.



Fine Oriental Pearl and Diamond Border Ring, £23.



Fine Diamond Crescent and Bar Brooch, £10.



Fine Diamond Owl Brooch or Heart Ornament, £125.



REGISTERED DESIGN N°183825.
Fine Diamond Robin and Pearl and Diamond Mistletoe Brooch, £5.



Fine Diamond Cluster Ring, £25.



Fine Diamond Half-Hoop Ring, from £15 to £200.



Fine Diamond Double Circle Brooch, £21.



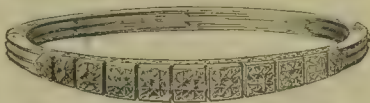
Fine Diamond "Sun-Star" Brooch, £55; also from £35 to £300.



Fine Diamond Knot Brooch, £15.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Double Heart and Knot Ring, £18 10s.



Fine Diamond Half-Hoop Bracelets, from £20 to £300.



Fine Diamond and Pearl Half-Hoop Bracelet, £75; also from £50 to £600.

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Special attention is devoted to the production of elegant and luxurious bridal presents. Original designs and estimates prepared free of charge.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Spurs, Earrings, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds, mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at moderate cash prices, thus saving purchasers all intermediate profits. An inspection is respectfully invited.

CASH PRICES.

The Goldsmiths' Company, conducting their business both in buying and selling, for each are enabled to offer the lowest and most advantageous prices for cash without discount.

APPROBATION.

Selected parcels of goods forwarded to the country on approval. Correspondents not being customers should send a London reference or deposit.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS.

have, through this means, the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense stock, and at the lowest possible prices, available in provincial towns.

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Orders executed with the most care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the services of a local agent are required, they are supplied at the lowest possible price, and the quality of the goods is guaranteed to be exactly the same as a personal selection were made.

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The numerous recommendations with which the Goldsmiths' Company have been favoured by customers are a testimony to the excellence and durability of their manufactures.

OLD JEWELLERY.

Diamonds, and other precious stones, or bought for cash.

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Awarded Nine Gold Medals, the only Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition, 1889, and the highest distinction conferred on any firm in the world—for excellence and originality.

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containing thousands of designs, beautifully illustrated, and sent post free to the purchaser.

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JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, 18, Wigmore Street, London, W., and of the Principal Music-sellers throughout the World. LISTS FREE.

Pianoforte Makers to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1888) of the Right Hon. Isaac Newton, Earl of Portsmouth, late of Eggesford House, Devon, who died on Oct. 4, was proved on Jan. 27 by Evelyn Alicia Juliana, Dowager Countess of Portsmouth; the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £108,000. The testator bequeaths all his wines, consumable stores, carriages, two horses, hay, corn, &c., and £10,000, or such part as she may appoint, to his wife; and he gives her the right, while the mansion at Hurstbourne is unsold, to use and enjoy Eggesford House, with the stables, &c., certain land, and the furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects. The Hurstbourne estate in the county of Southampton, called the Portsmouth English estate, and the Eggesford estate in the counties of Devon and Somerset (subject to the interest given to his wife), he devises, upon trust, in aid of the Portsmouth Irish estates, to secure the jointure of £4000 per annum given to his wife by their marriage settlement, and the payment of the sum of £50,000 by the same settlement directed to be raised thereout for his younger children, and subject thereto he devises the same estates to his eldest son, Newton, now Earl of Portsmouth, as he shall appoint, and in default of such appointment settles the same on him. Subject to the use and enjoyment of the same given to his wife, he bequeaths the furniture and effects at Eggesford House, and also the furniture and effects, pictures, plate, books, and the manuscripts and medals of Sir Isaac Newton at Hurstbourne House, and the deer in the park there, with their increase, produce, and progeny, for the use and enjoyment of his son or grandson who shall succeed him as Earl of Portsmouth. He appoints, under the will of his late cousin, John Churchill, subject to the life interest of Henrietta Churchill, the residuary, real, and personal estate of his second son, the Hon. John Fellowes Wallop; and he makes up the portions of each of his younger sons to £15,000, and of his daughters to £10,000, but his son John Fellowes is to give up £10,000 of his portion on his succeeding to the Churchill property, clear of any annuity; an annual payment, on the death of his wife, is to be made to each of his daughters while unmarried. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son.

The will, as contained in two papers, with two codicils, of Elizabeth Louisa, Dowager Marchioness of Ailesbury, late of Blarney, who died on Oct. 14, was proved on Jan. 22 by Thomas Mark Merriman and George Richard Hemmerde, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testatrix gives, devises, and disposes of the estate, property, and domain known as the Villa Marbella, Biarritz, with the grounds, buildings, lands and fields held therewith which the law of France will allow her to dispose of to her son, Lord Henry Augustus Bruce, in addition to what he will succeed to by the law of France; she also gives him all the furniture, plate, books, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and personal effects at the said villa. There are other dispositions and legacies. She appoints, under a settlement made by her late husband, certain trust funds; and she bequeaths the residue of her property, upon trust, for her said son, for life, and then for her son, George William James Chandos Brudenell Bruce.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1886), with a codicil (dated Oct. 5, 1891), of Mr. Chesterfield Gayford, late of 9, Mincing Lane, wine and spirit merchant, and of 34, Pembridge Gardens, Bayswater, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on Jan. 23 by Chesterfield William Gayford, the son, and George

William Rowland, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £139,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to each of his executors; and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his six children, Chesterfield William Gayford, Mrs. Marion Maud Rowland, Walter Henry Gayford, Arthur Holland Gayford, Dudley Charles Gayford, and Harold Joseph Gayford, but his youngest son, Harold Joseph, is to have £1000 more than his brothers and sister to put him on an equality with them, the testator having paid that sum for each of his other children.

The will (dated March 18, 1864), with three codicils (dated March 2, 1876; April 23, 1877; and June 2, 1885), of Mr. George Henry Holland, late of Gayton Lodge, Wimbledon, who died on Dec. 12, was proved on Jan. 20 by Francis William Preston, and Cecil Maurice Chapman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £106,000. The testator bequeaths all his horses, carriages, household furniture, plate, books, pictures, wines and effects to his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Charlotte Dorothy Holland; and £100 to each of his executors. His real estate at Wimbledon, and all other his real estate and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life or widowhood, she maintaining, educating, and bringing up sons under twenty-one and daughters under that age and unmarried. In the event of her marrying again one third of the income is to be paid to her. Subject to the interest given to his wife, the residue is to be held, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1891) of Mrs. Anne Jane Lindsay, late of Belfast and of Lisnacrieve, Cannes, who died on Nov. 24 at Glenelg, Clapham Common, was proved on Jan. 22 by Colonel Alexander Miller Arthur, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £53,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Wesleyan Worn-out Ministers and Ministers' Widows' Auxiliary Fund in connection with the Irish Wesleyan Methodist Conference; £500 to the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society; £250 each to the Young Women's Christian Association Institute, Belfast, and the Society for Nursing the Sick Poor, Belfast; £8000 to her brother, the said Colonel Alexander Miller Arthur; £10,000 to her niece, Margaret Emilie Arthur; and very numerous and considerable legacies to sisters, nephews, nieces, and others. Her freehold residence Lisnacrieve she gives to her brother, the Rev. William Arthur. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her two brothers, the said Colonel A. M. Arthur and the Rev. W. Arthur.

The will (dated May 1, 1882), with two codicils (dated July 24, 1889, and Aug. 4, 1890), of Miss Harriet Cottle Evans, late of The Elms, East Hill, Wandsworth, who died on Dec. 14, was proved on Jan. 21 by Edward Coleman, Sidney George Ratcliff, and Edward Herbert Coleman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testatrix gives her freehold estate The Elms to her friend Edward Coleman, and many legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to the said Edward Coleman.

The will (dated March 30, 1890) of Mr. David Greig, late of Headingly Hill, near Leeds, engineer and steam-plough manufacturer, who died on March 20, was proved on Jan. 23 by David Greig, the son, and Robert Henry Fowler, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and the household furniture and effects, horses, carriages, live and

dead stock at his dwelling-house to his wife, Mrs. Isabella Greig. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of one moiety to his wife, for life, she maintaining and educating sons under twenty-one and daughters under that age and spinsters; and subject thereto as to eleven sixtieths for each of his sons Arthur, James, and John, six sixtieths for his son Alfred, sixteen sixtieths for his son David, and five sixtieths for his daughter Isabella, whom he has otherwise provided for.

The will of the Hon. John Stapleton, formerly M.P. for Berwick, of 8, Queen's Gate Terrace, and of Berwick Hill, Northumberland, and late of 31, Campden Grove, Kensington, who died on Dec. 25, was proved on Jan. 25 by the Hon. Mrs. Frances Dorothea Stapleton, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5194.

OBITUARY.

LORD FFRENCH.

The Right Hon. Sir Thomas Ffrench, fourth Lord Ffrench, of



Castle Ffrench, county Galway, in the peerage of Ireland, and a baronet, whose death is just announced, was born Sept. 13, 1810, the eldest son of Charles, third lord, by Maria, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Browne, of Moyne, and succeeded to the peerage in 1860. He married, Oct. 18, 1851, Mary Anne, only daughter and heiress of Mr. Richard Thompson of Stanby Hall, Denbighshire, and had an only child, Eleanor Maria Margaret, who died, unmarried, Oct. 20, 1870. The title devolves on the Hon. Martin Joseph Ffrench, late Resident Magistrate for county Tipperary, as fifth lord. He was born Oct. 1, 1813, and married, in 1862, Catherine Mary Anne, daughter of Mr. John O'Shaughnessy, of Birchgrove, Galway, and has two sons and four daughters.

GENERAL SIR THOMAS McMAHON, BART.

General Sir Thomas Westropp McMahon, Bart., C.B., Colonel



of the 5th Dragoon Guards, died on Jan. 23, after a protracted illness, at his residence, The Sycamores, near Farnborough. He was born on Feb. 14, 1813, the eldest son of General Sir Thomas McMahon, second Bart., G.C.B., Colonel of the 10th Foot, and Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, who succeeded to the title, under a special limitation, on the death, without issue, of his elder brother, the Right Hon. John McMahon, a Privy Councillor for Ireland and Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse to George IV, when Prince Regent, who was created a baronet in 1817. He was

Salvine

SCIENTIFIC DENTIFRICE.

Especially designed by an Eminent London Dental Surgeon, after some years' patient experiments. Not only WHITENS but also PRESERVES THE TEETH.

"Decay of the Teeth is now proved to be caused by combined Acid and Parasitic Influence."—(Extract from Lecture delivered at the Congress of Hygiene.)

THE LANCET reports: "Salvine Dentifrice is a delicately scented paste. . . . It is perfectly free from injurious elements. . . . It is ant-acid, astringent, and anti-parasitic."

MADAME ALBANI writes: "I am delighted with it; my mouth and teeth have felt more comfortable after using it than with any other preparation for the teeth which I have ever used."

The chief claim made for Salvine Dentifrice is that it preserves the teeth in their natural beauty in addition to improving the appearance of all teeth, however discoloured. This is attested by the highest medical authorities and many valuable testimonials too numerous to quote here, but which may be seen at our offices. Prices 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.

SALVINE CREAM for the Skin and Complexion. Affords immediate and grateful relief in all skin irritation. For Chaps, Redness, Roughness, Eruptions, Abrasions, Inflammation, Cold Winds, Sunburn, Insect Bites, &c. 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.

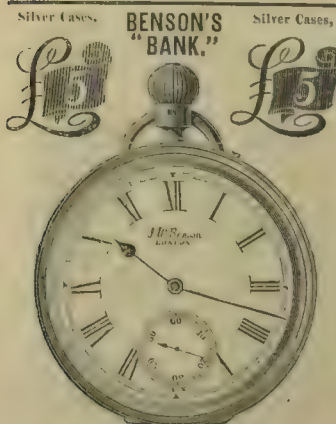
SALVINE SCIENTIFIC SOAP. A Perfect Toilet Soap. 2s. 6d. per Box of Three Tablets.

SALVINE TOILET POWDER. Pure, Innocuous, Soluble, Safe. 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. In Three Tints—White, Pink, and Cream.

SALVINE SHAVING SOAP. Soothing, Creamy, Emollient. 1s. and 2s. 6d. per Stick.

SALVINE TOOTH-BRUSH. Specially designed to facilitate the ready cleansing of the Teeth in remote positions. 1s.

Of all Chemists, or post free from SALVINE CO., 3, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.



STRONGEST AND CHEAPEST £5
SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH
For made at the price. THREE-QUARTER PLATE MOVEMENT, Compensation Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, Strong Keyless Action, in Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, £5. A neat and elegant Watch for Gentlemen's Wear. Thousands have been sold.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

Guaranteed for Strength, Accuracy, Durability, and Value.

BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH

Gold Cases. Is fitted with a Three-Quarter Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and Strong Keyless Action. The Cases are of 18-Carat Gold, Strong and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

Price £10; or in Silver Cases, £5.

Thousands have been sold, and purchasers testify to the excellent timekeeping performance of these Watches.

Ladies' Gold Albert Chains to Match, from £1 15s.



All the Watches shown here are of the best quality, and are made in our own works, and are of the most reliable and accurate construction. They are made in our own works, and are of the most reliable and accurate construction. They are made in our own works, and are of the most reliable and accurate construction.



ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER.

Best London Make, for Rough Wear, with Breguet Spring to prevent variation when worn on horseback, &c. Specially selected for Hunting Men, Colonists, Travellers, Officers, &c. from whom HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS have been received. In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, 18-carat Gold, £25; or Silver, £15.

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J. W. BENSON, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

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SUPPLIED

FIRST HAND DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO CONSUMER.
EFFECTING AN ENORMOUS SAVING IN COST.

Offices: 21, MINCING LANE, LONDON.

1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9, & 2/- a lb.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES
and an interesting Book on TEA,
Forwarded Free of Charge.

Or, better still, SEND TRIAL
ORDER, and you will be
ASTONISHED
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DELIVERED CARRIAGE PAID.



What the "LANCET" says:-

"We have examined and analysed the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S TEAS at some length. The qualities are combined by JUDICIOUS and CAREFUL BLENDING by Machinery in such proportions as to YIELD the BEST RESULTS, and are, in fact, just what one would expect to gain with GENUINE and CAREFULLY PREPARED TEAS."

The U. K. T. Co. could fill columns with copies of Testimonials and Letters daily being received, speaking in the highest commendation of the Delicious Quality and exceedingly Low Prices of the Company's Teas.

Hotel Proprietors, Boards of Management of Hospitals and Public Institutions, Committees of Clubs, Presidents and Stewards of Messes and Canteens, Principals of Schools & Employers of Labour WILL FIND IT SPECIALLY TO THEIR ADVANTAGE

DEALING WITH THE

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LIMD.

**EVERYONE WHO KNOWS THE
LUXURY of a DELICIOUS CUP of TEA
ORDERS FROM THE
UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LIMD.
LONDON.**

What "HEALTH" says:-

"PURE TEAS.—We have tested samples of the Teas supplied by the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY (Limited). They are what they claim to be—PURE. INVALIDS, as well as those in health, may ENJOY drinking these TEAS without the LEAST FEAR of the INJURIOUS EFFECTS which so frequently result from using the INFERIOR TEAS SOLD by many RETAILERS."

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, Limited, forward Tea to any part of Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, at Quotations which include all charges for Bonding, Shipping, Packing, Insurance, Foreign Duty, and Carriage, so that Customers accompanying their orders with Remittance (Money Orders preferred) have nothing more whatever to pay beyond these special rates. Payments for Tea thus sent Abroad can, if desired, be made to the Carriers on delivery, but in these cases there will be a slight extra charge made by the Carriers for the Collection of Money. Consumers of Tea Abroad will find these modes of obtaining Tea of Delicious Quality direct from the United Kingdom Tea Company, 21, Mincing Lane, London, to be a Great Boon! No Teas like them to be got anywhere out of England.

Foreign Price-List, containing full particulars, sent Post Free on application.

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The U. K. T. Co. despatch thousands of packages daily to Customers all over the World.



7-lb. Canister.



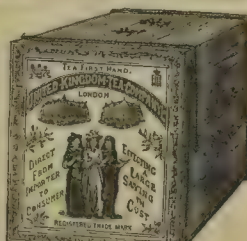
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Half-Chest of 65 lb.



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Tea for distribution packed in 1/4-lb., 1/2-lb., or 1 lb. Bags, if desired, without extra charge.

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educated at Eton, and, entering the Army in 1829, rose to the rank of general in 1880. He served with the 9th Lancers in the Satalje Campaign of 1848, in the Crimean War of 1854-5 as Assistant Quartermaster-General of Cavalry Division, including the battles of Alma and Balaklava and the siege of Sebastopol, and, later in the campaign, in command of the 5th Dragoons. In requital he received the medal with three clasps, the Sardinian and Turkish medals, the Fifth Class of the Medjidieh, and the decoration of C.B. He was Colonel of the 18th Hussars from 1874 to 1885, when he was transferred to the 5th Dragoon Guards. The baronet whose death we record was thrice married—first, in October 1851, to Dora Paulina, daughter of the late Mr. Evan Hamilton Baillie; secondly, in January 1859, to Frances Mary, daughter of Mr. John Holford; and, thirdly, in August 1888, to Constance Marianne, widow of Mr. John Brooking. By his second wife, who died April 14, 1867, he leaves, with other issue, an eldest son, now Sir Aubrey Hope McMahon, fourth baronet, lieutenant and adjutant of the Grenadier Guards, who was born in August 1862, and is unmarried.

LORD BEAUMONT.

Henry Stapleton, Lord Beaumont, died



on Jan. 23. He was eldest son of the eighth baron, by a daughter of the third Lord Kilmaine, was born in 1848, and succeeded his father in 1854. In 1888 he married Violet, only daughter of Mr. F. Woolton Isaacson, M.P. Lord Beaumont was a lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards, and during the Zulu War of 1879 he was attached to the 17th Lancers. He was present at the battle of Ulundi. Besides being a Knight of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and Knight Grand Cross of the Holy Sepulchre, he was decorated with the Order of Military Merit by the King of Bavaria and by the Grand Dukes of Baden and Mecklenburg.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE MAXWELL.

General Sir George Vaughan Maxwell, K.C.B., Colonel of the 1st Battalion East Lancashire Regiment, died on Jan. 13, in London, aged seventy-three. He was the fifth son of the late Rev. Peter Benson Maxwell, of Birdstown, county Donegal, by his wife, Hester, daughter of the late Mr. Robert O'Hara, of Raheen, county Galway, and was brother of Sir Peter Benson Maxwell, late Chief Justice of the Straits Settlements. He entered the Army 1838, and became general 1881. He served in the Crimean Campaign of 1854-5, in command of the 8th Regiment, and in the Indian Mutiny he took part in the campaign in Oude, the operations at Cawnpore, and the siege of Lucknow. For his various services he had the Crimean medal, with three clasps for Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, and the Sardinian and Turkish medals, besides the decorations

of the Legion of Honour and the Medjidieh, and the Order of Companion of the Bath. In 1881 he was made K.C.B. The deceased General married, in 1851, Charlotte Wilhelmina, daughter of the late Mr. John Kearney, of Kilkenny

SIR G. S. JENKINSON, BART.

Sir George Samuel Jenkinson, eleventh Baronet of Hawkesbury, J.P. and D.L., died at Eastwood Park, Fairfield, county Gloucester, on Jan. 19. He was born Sept. 27, 1817, the eldest son of the late Dr. John Banks Jenkinson, Bishop of St. David's, by Frances Augusta, his wife, daughter of Mr. Augustus Pecheil, of Berkhamstead, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1855, at the decease of his uncle, Sir Charles Jenkinson. He was at one time captain 8th Hussars, and in 1862 served as High Sheriff of Gloucestershire. From 1868 to 1880 he represented North Wilts in Parliament. Sir George was heir male of the old family of Jenkinson of Walcot.

the head of which, Sir Robert Jenkinson, second Earl of Liverpool, was Prime Minister 1812 to 1827. The baronet the subject of this notice married, in 1845, Emily Sophia, daughter of Mr. Anthony Lyster, of Stillorgan Park, county Dublin, and leaves, with two daughters, Emily Frances and Louisa Augusta (widow of George, Viscount Maidstone), one surviving son, the present Sir George Banks Jenkinson, Bart.

SIR THOMAS WALLER, BART.

Sir Thomas Wathen Waller, second baronet, of Braywick Lodge, Berkshire, formerly Secretary of Legation at Brussels, died on Jan. 29, at his residence, 16, Eaton Square. He was born on June 24, 1805, the eldest son of Sir Jonathan Wathen Phipps, G.C.H., Groom of the Bedchamber to King William IV., who assumed the surname and arms of Waller and was created a baronet in May 1815. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1826, became Secretary of Legation at Brussels in 1831, and retired in 1858. The baronet whose death we announce married, Oct. 20, 1836, Catharine, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Wise, of Offchurch, in the county of Warwick, which lady died, July 24, 1861, leaving two sons and three daughters. The eldest son, now Major-General Sir George Henry Waller, third baronet, lately Assistant Adjutant-General Eastern District, was born in 1837, and married, in 1870, Beatrice, daughter of Mr. Christopher Tower, of Huntsmere Park, Buckinghamshire, formerly M.P. for that county, and has issue.

THE HON. ROBERT DALY.

The Hon. Robert Daly, fourth son of James Daly, first Lord Dunsandle, by Maria Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and heiress of the Right Hon. Sir Skeffington Smyth, Bart., died at 83, Eaton Place, from influenza, aged seventy-three. He was formerly aide-de-camp and State Steward to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He married, in 1845, the Hon. Cecilia Maria A Court, daughter of the first Lord Heytesbury, G.C.B., and leaves issue.

SIR WILLIAM O'MALLEY, BART.

Sir William O'Malley, second baronet, of Roseshill, county Mayo, died suddenly on Jan. 21 at his residence, 7, Argyll Road, Kensington, aged eighty. He was the eldest surviving son of Sir Samuel O'Malley, who was created a baronet in 1804, by Jane, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Reilly, of Carramore. He was formerly a captain in the 7th Fusiliers, and subsequently lieutenant-colonel of the North Mayo Militia. In 1838 he was High Sheriff of county Mayo. The deceased baronet married, first, July 3, 1860, Louisa Mary daughter of the late Rev. Henry du Cane, of The Grove, Witham, Essex, and secondly, Aug. 7, 1888, Caroline Marie, daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Favre, but leaves no issue, consequently the title becomes extinct.

SIR JOHN EARDLEY-WILMOT.

Sir John Eardley Eardley-Wilmot, who died on Feb. 1 at his residence in London, was educated at Winchester and at Balliol, where he obtained the Chancellor's Prize for Latin verse, as well as the Balliol Scholarship. Mr. Eardley-Wilmot succeeded his father, the first baronet, in 1847, at the age of twenty-seven. He had previously been called to the Bar, and in 1852 he was appointed to be Recorder of Warwick—a post which he resigned in 1874. He also held appointments as a County Court Judge at Bristol and in the Marylebone district of London. For eleven years—from 1874 to 1885—he was M.P. for South Warwickshire. He is succeeded by his son, William Assheton, who was born in 1841.

COLONEL SIR CHARLES HAMILTON, BART.

Colonel Sir Charles John James Hamilton, third baronet, C.B., formerly in command of the Scots Fusilier Guards, died at his residence, in Devonshire Place, on Jan. 23, aged eighty-one. He was the only son of Sir Charles Hamilton, second baronet, K.C.B., Admiral of the Red, whose father, Captain John Hamilton, of the Royal Navy, was created a baronet August 1776 for his services at the siege of Quebec. He was educated at the Charterhouse, and entering the Scots Fusilier Guards, served with that regiment throughout the Crimean campaign, for which he had a medal with three clasps and the Turkish medal. In 1854 he retired as colonel, and in the following year was nominated a C.B. The baronet whose death we record married, Dec. 14, 1833, Catherine Emily, second daughter of Mr. William Wynne, of Dublin, but leaves no issue. He is succeeded in the title by his cousin, Sir Edward Archibald Hamilton, second baronet, of Trebinstun House, Brecon, who is married, and has two sons.

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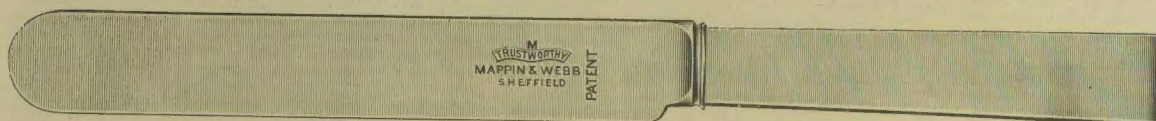
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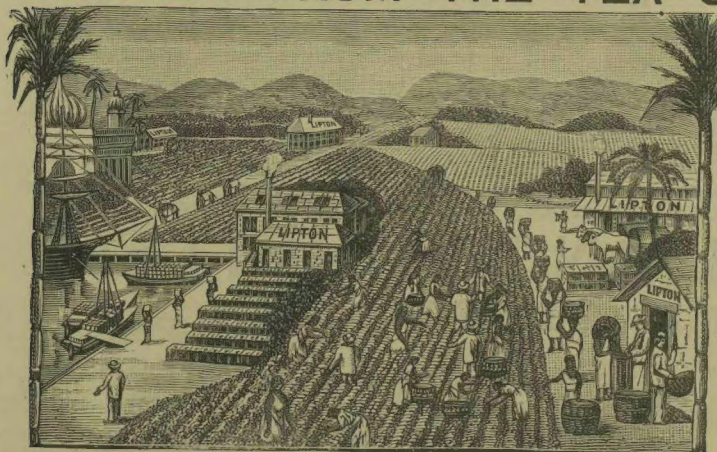
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A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

"Old wares," goeth the French saying, "but ever delightful!" and what literary commodities, be they old or new, are more generally welcome than fairy tales? I, for one, am always ready to hearken to the horns of Elf-land, wherever they may blow, whatever airs they may echo. And in Mr. Jacobs's new volume * you may hear them sounding with no uncertain voice. True they are Celtic bagles, and many of their strains are touched with more than a taste of the brogue, but they are not less acceptable for that. Local colour is no foe to illusion, and of all methods of fairy-tale telling none is more pleasing than that employed by the Brothers Grimm. The quaint archaism, the incidents, alternately frightful, poetic, or ludicrous, the incongruity of homely detail and incredibly gorgeous "properties," the almost bald repetition of some time-honoured formula, all these go far to make up the charm of the true Märchen. In the world of elf-lore the sublime and the ridiculous go hand in hand, and the lion and the lamb lie down together. The most terrific and the most absurd events are treated in a precisely similar manner, and taken one with the other as matters of course with a sang-froid that is positively fascinating.

This collection of Mr. Jacobs's is called "Celtic Fairy Tales." The stories are really very agreeably told; while the lucid and scholarly notes which follow them need not interfere in the least with juvenile enjoyment—unless, indeed, some pedantic elders should have the inhumanity to give, with each copy of the book, a hint as to careful study thereof and subsequent questionings. Then, of a verity, might Master Tommy rise up and apostrophise the learning of Mr. Jacobs in terms uncomplimentary. But we have no stern parents or wicked uncles nowadays; they are an extinct race, and the amateur inquisitor has ceased to trouble.

It may be that to unscientific readers the attractions of many of these stories will be slightly discounted by the fact that they are nothing other than old favourites masquerading in different attire, sometimes more becoming than their Teutonic garb, sometimes not. "Hadden and Dudden" has certainly more humour than its German variant, while the tale of "Fair, Brown, and Trembling," wherein the fairy god-mother figures as a hen-wife, is more primitive, but at the same time, perhaps, more imaginative, than our long-loved Cinderella. Connal Yellowclaw, despite his grotesque title, is doubtless akin to Odysseus of many devices, and Auburn Mary to the Master-Maid. Most poetic of all is "The Shepherd of Myddval." As for Mr. Batten's pretty pictures, in line, must I confess that they leave me, like Pet Marjorie's philosophic turkey, "more than usual calm"? I find them too icily regular, splendidly null. There is but little fault to be found with them save only that they seem to miss what Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Madox Brown, and even George Cruikshank, put into their illustrations of fairy literature—illusion and the spirit of romance.

But if these qualities are absent from Mr. Batten's drawings they are very conspicuously present in a book of Roumanian folk-songs, written down from oral tradition by Mdlle. Hélène Vacaresco,† translated into German by the Queen of Roumania, and Englished by Miss Alma Strettell, who has had the advantage of working from the French versions of Mdlle. Vacaresco and the Teuton translation of Carmen Sylva, with hints and suggestions from both ladies. Seldom have I met with verse of so impressive, so weird a nature. To be sure, there are the ballads of the Scottish Border, but the Roumanian

songs rival even these in eeriness, albeit they miss the lilt and the stirring power. They are very direct and simple; some are a species of idyll, full of open-air feeling, most delicately expressed. There are spinning songs, gipsy songs, songs of the luteplayer, songs of the shroud, songs of heroism, of love, and death. Death and the dead are all pervading; in wellnigh every song you shall find them. The father who slays his daughter in order that she may join the dead man whom she goes down to the plain in the moonlight to hold tryst with; the man who "can eat no more, can drink no more," since the dead woman's kiss; the Heiduck, who refuses to listen to the voice of his dead love, and is drowned in the deluge of her tears; the strange white woman who visits her lover, presumably *d'autre tombe*; the knives that leave their master at night, returning in the morning to tell him how they have eased the hearts of men of many sorrows and drunk deep of their blood—these, with many other conceptions fully as fantastic, are here represented. Its colour is by no means the least striking characteristic of "The Bard of the Dimbovitza." Indeed, I might liken this group of songs to a barbaric necklace of many-hued beads—turquoise, dusky-red, deep-blue, and amber—strung on a black cord. One of the simplest and sweetest poems in the book is "The Lute-player's House."

Come to the luteplayer's house, come in!
The always open; the birds therein
Build nests as though the wood it were;

The little stocks they love it well,
The luteplayer's house the swallows know,
And while yet far away they tell
Each other they will thither go,
Because there's singing there.

The translator has performed her task ably and well, rendering, it would seem, the true essence of the wayward numbers.

I turn to the little green-covered volume of Philip Bourke Marston's latest poems‡ that lies before me, and again realise how nearly at times the work of the blind poet approached in excellence that of his master, Rossetti. And, really, I am not quite sure as to whether, in some of the sonnets especially, Marston did not rise to as high a level. I note, too, how, though in manner they were alike, in matter they were separate. Marston's ideas were certainly original, and none the less so that he chose to express them in the same beautiful and polished diction as that used by the poet he so deeply esteemed.

Here is a sestet I myself find strangely attractive—

Oh April! longed for so through cheerless hours,
Thou who dost turn to silver winter's grey,
What is it ails thy skies, thy birds, thy flowers,
Gives to thy winds a mournful word to say,
And brings a sound of weeping with the showers—
What but the thought of April passed away?

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's preface to this most musical, most melancholy "Last Harvest" is all that it should be—terse, sympathetic, and appropriate.

Perhaps it is wrong to read avowedly funny books—our Puritanical forbears would undoubtedly have told us so. Sometimes it would almost seem as if they must have been right. Hungering after a cheerier cast of mind, I have been trying to peruse a volume of "The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour," entitled "Mr. Batters's Pedigree,"§ but have been so unfortunate as to discover therein neither wit nor humour, but only the deepest, most unadulterated dullness. Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson, the author (whose portrait appears as frontispiece), professes

"the presentation of the scenes in which the British 'Tender-foot' is likely to find himself on his way west." The stage American and the unluckied English cub of fiction rage furiously together, and as you close the volume you echo, with a sigh of dejection, its hero's last remark: "What a rummy country it is!" G. R. T.

The remains of the Countess of Burlington, wife of the late Duke of Devonshire, have been removed from the vault at Stratham Church, where they were interred on her death in 1840, to the churchyard at Edensor, near Chatsworth, where the last two Dukes are buried.

Signor Succi gave up his attempt to fast for fifty-two days at the Westminster Aquarium at half-past twelve on Friday, Jan. 29. He seemed very ill and weak, and, acting partly on his own knowledge and partly on the advice of his medical attendant, he decided not to undergo any further risk. The actual experiment lasted 43 days 18 hours 45 minutes.

Modern Greece has some public-spirited citizens; for a letter from Athens states that 5,000,000, for the Greek fleet has been bequeathed by Pantazis Bassanis, a native of Volos, in Thessaly, who recently died in Egypt. Not long ago an Athens butcher, unable to read and write, left two or three millions to the University, and several of the finest institutions in that city are also due to this custom of bequests for public purposes by men who had been almost misers.

Professor Herkomer, speaking at a prize distribution at the Colchester School of Art, described the Science and Art Department as a clumsy and ponderous machine, and said that its teaching, though good originally, was quite out of date and fossilised. The individual influence of a good master would help to produce an artist, but the system at South Kensington never would. The only efficient training for art students was painting from life. Connoisseurs should buy young artists' pictures and rejoice in them when fame came to the painters.

Another first-class deck-protected cruiser, similar to the Edgar, of which we give an illustration, was launched on Saturday, Jan. 30, from the Thames Ironworks Dockyard. There are to be nine such vessels, built under the Naval Defence Act. This new ship, the Grafton, is expected to have a full speed of twenty-two knots an hour, and to be able to steam ten thousand miles, at ten knots, without recoaling. She will carry two heavy guns and twenty-six quick-firing guns. Lady George Hamilton performed the christening ceremony at the launch.

The International Sanitary Conference held at Venice, representing the European Governments interested in the navigation of the Suez Canal, finished its business on Jan. 30, having adopted a complete code of regulations for quarantine, sanitary police, inspection of vessels, the conveyance of Mussulman pilgrims, the prevention of cholera, and measures of disinfection. England has made some reservations only with regard to vessels transporting troops for India, and not communicating with the shores of the canal. A Sanitary Commission is to be established at Alexandria, consisting of ten European and five Egyptian delegates.

* *Celtic Fairy Tales*. Selected and edited by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by John D. Batten. (David Nutt, 270, Strand.)
† *The Bard of the Dimbovitza*. Hélène Vacaresco, Carmen Sylva. Alma Strettell. (James R. Osgood, Melville and Co., London.)
‡ *Last Harvest*. P. B. Marston. (Elkin Mathews, London.)
§ *Mr. Batters's Pedigree*. Horace G. Hutchinson. Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour. (Henry and Co., London.)

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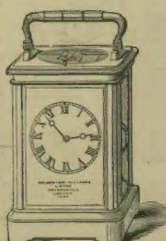
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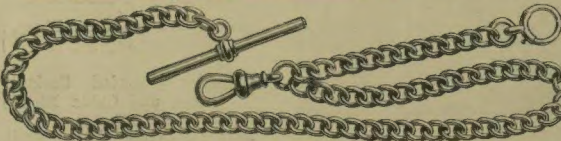
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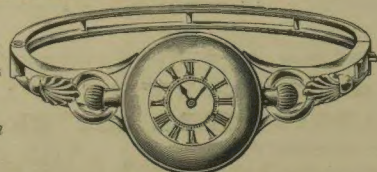
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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Frazer was deliberately untrue, and he requested to say it had been proved.—See the "Times," July 13, 1884.

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CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Russell that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1865.

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LITERATURE.

TRISTRAM SHANDY IN WALES

A Reverend Gentleman. By J. Maclaren Cobban. (Methuen and Co.)—In this story Mr Cobban has drawn a clerical vagabond who deserves to be remembered for one of the most notable exploits in ecclesiastical history. After many vicissitudes, the Rev Mr Merrydew finds himself in a Welsh parish, where he ministers to the souls of a handful of worshippers who are not familiar with the Queen's English. The task of writing sermons is irksome to the reverend gentleman, and the desire to make money by bet and cards and other clerical devices is strong upon him. Two young sportsmen of his acquaintance lay wagers that he will not venture to read a chapter of "Tristram Shandy" in lieu of his legitimate Sunday evening discourse, which he has neglected to prepare. So Mr Merrydew gravely delivers from the pulpit one of the least startling passages of an immortal but scarcely apostolic work, to the amusement of the sportsmen, the wonder of the parishioners—who do not understand a word—and the indignation of the secretary of the "Anti-Church Society," who has strayed into the porch by accident, and who posts back to town to publish the scandal in the *Daily News*. For this freak Mr Merrydew loses his living, and would have been in peril of his life had he been at home to receive the mob, who, having learned the full heinousness of his act from the Welsh vernacular papers, propose to pull his house about his ears. Whether the

Welsh would have taken "Tristram Shandy" so much to heart as to thrust for the blood of an Established Church parson who had expounded the gospel according to Laurence Sterne, is a point we must leave Mr Cobban to settle with the authorities on Welsh sentiment. But the episode is extremely amusing, and somehow it gives the personality of Mr Merrydew a realism which does not belong to the rest of Mr Cobban's characters. Kate Merrydew the elder of the parson's two daughters, is described as a girl of character and strong common-sense; yet she indulges in some inexplicable inconsistencies, and allows herself to become a party to a deception which no woman of her stamp would have tolerated. The construction of Mr Cobban's story is defective, but there are some bright sketches of character, and Mr Merrydew, who, at all events, is consistent to the last, never loses the savour of his original achievement.

A NEW "OXFORD MOVEMENT."

Careful observers of "Young Oxford" have for some time been saying that we were very likely about to see a new "Oxford Movement," this time not so much for the reform of the Church as for the reform of the State by means of the Church. Discontented dons of the old school assert that "Young Oxford" is just now a compound of sacerdotalism and socialism. Pusey House and the Christian Social Union have

* *The Economic Review*. Published quarterly for the Oxford Branch of the Christian Social Union. (London: Percival and Co.)

become a power among the thoughtful young men, even as Balliol. And here we have the first volume of the *Economic Review*, coming opportunely to give us some indication of what these young men are thinking. For the *Economic Review* is virtually the organ of the Christian Social Union, and is edited, in the main, from the "Puseum," as the irreverent call the institution, half college, half monastery, over which the learned editor of "Lux Mundi" presides. The Union, of which the Bishop of Durham is president, has over 500 members in America, and nearly as many in this country, eighty-five per cent, of whom are either in holy orders or about to take them, so that it is "tuning the pulpits" with a vengeance. Here, then, is the pabulum they are provided with in the last quarterly number of the review—First, an able criticism of the Pope's Encyclical on Labour, by Canon Scott Holland, succeeded by other articles on Justice, Taxation of Ground Rents, Ferdinand Lassalle, and Darwinism and Socialism. These are followed by admirable critical notices of the Co-operative Movement, the Brussels Labour Congress, and the English Census; and, finally, the brief reviews of new books furnish a useful guide to the multifarious current literature on social reform. Now, all this is a very different kind of spiritual nourishment from that supplied to the young clergyman at the beginning of the century, when Butler was the specific against Tindal and Toland, or from those famous "Tracts for the Times" which shook the last generation. For good or for evil, this is what is being thought and written in the Oxford of to-day.

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